

THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;

A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

Published Monthly.

JANUARY, 1844.

Price 3d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

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THE CRITIC.

On transmission of *four shillings' worth of penny postage stamps*, *THE CRITIC* will be regularly forwarded by post, for six months, to any part of the country.

TO THE WRITING WORLD.

A DESIGN has suggested itself to us, which, upon mature reflection, appears to be sufficiently useful in its end, and practicable in its plan, to justify us in submitting it for the consideration of the writing and reading public. It has, at least, the merit of perfect novelty.

It was thus suggested. We had in our own person experienced, and a like complaint had reached us from others, the almost insuperable difficulties which impede the author who is both new to fame and without capital to adventure his genius on its own account. If a person write a book, however excellent it may be, no bookseller will take it, because the author is not known; yet, unless he publishes, he can never become known. In this circle of difficulties he revolves, in vain hope of happier fortune, unless he has a purse long enough to pay printer, publisher, and advertisements, and adventuring on his own account. If he dare the cost, and fail, he loses his money, and is no more seen; if he succeed, booksellers will buy his future works, because he is then a known man.

To us, much pondering upon this state of things, it has occurred whether a way might not be devised by which the author who is yet unknown may, as it were, feel the pulse of the public upon his productions before he hazards their publication, and whether an account of their contents, and an honest opinion upon their merits, with extracts as evidence, might not introduce good works to publishers and the public, and perhaps save to the authors of works yet immature the cost of printing them for the trunk-makers.

In short, we propose a REVIEW of UNPUBLISHED BOOKS.

The manner of doing this, we submit, may be somewhat after this fashion.

Any person who has completed a MS., and desires to try the probability of success, previous to adventuring its publication, may do so through the medium of the columns of *THE CRITIC*.

For this purpose, he will be required to furnish

us with a brief analysis of the work, stating shortly its design, a summary of its contents, and such extracts as he may deem best fitted to exhibit the style of the composition, but without any thing in the shape of commentary or criticism—that will be our business. Thus, if a novel, we shall require an abstract of the plot; if a philosophical or scientific treatise, a sketch of the theory it proposes to develop; if a history, the particular subjects treated of; in short, just such an account of the work as one who had read it would give of it to a friend to whom he was endeavouring to convey a description of it.

This analysis, with the extracts, we shall, if approved, and after careful revision, publish in the columns of *THE CRITIC*, accompanying it with such criticism and comment of our own, as the merits or demerits of the work may, on an inspection of the MS., in our honest judgment, appear to deserve.

The advantages of this to authors are palpable. They will thus be enabled readily to gather the probabilities of success, without incurring the hazard of printing on speculation:—to take the opinion of friends: to hear the criticisms of the press and the public, and then, if these be favourable, they may take the work to a publisher with confidence, or, if they please to keep the copyrights in their own possession, print at their own cost, with almost a certainty of remuneration, and with the benefits of a reputation already more than half established.

That something of this sort has long been wanted will be readily acknowledged by every person who has tried authorship, and found the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of first coming before the public, and the melancholy dependence upon the caprice of publishers which attends even those who have achieved a reputation. We believe that the plan we have propounded, with such modifications as experience and friends may hereafter suggest, will in a great measure accomplish the desired object, and nothing more is needed to give it a fair trial than the cordial concurrence of the writing world.

And to our readers it will be a source of extraordinary interest. It will impart a most attractive novelty to the pages of *THE CRITIC*, which will become, still more than even now it is, a periodical unique of its class. They will thus possess the earliest intelligence of what British mind is doing, and not a little of the rising genius of their country will be first introduced

through them to the fame which is more sought by true genius than profit. A great deal that is amusing and instructive will thus be brought to light in these columns, which otherwise would never have been known; and even if nothing more comes of it than the publication of the analyses and extracts, and the entire works should not ultimately be given to the press, a curious and valuable store of ideas will be gathered into this repository, which will be to be found nowhere beside. We anticipate, indeed, in the course of time, that by this enterprise *THE CRITIC* will add not a little to the good name it has already won, and be rendered still more acceptable to that dear locality for the instruction and amusement of which it is especially framed—the *English fireside*.

We invite all who have any unpublished work which they desire to make known, to lose no time in preparing such an analysis of and extracts from it as we have described above, the length of each not to exceed that of our ordinary reviews.

TO OUR READERS.

DURING the past month there has been a considerable accession of subscribers to *THE CRITIC*. It has been very favourably noticed by many of its contemporaries, and the *Standard* has deemed the review of "Prescott's History of Mexico," in the last number, sufficiently important to be transferred to its own columns. From all quarters we receive the kindest expressions of approval of the plan and execution of *THE CRITIC*, and we are indebted to many of its readers for active and successful exertions to extend its circulation by personal recommendations among their friends. Some have forwarded the names of as many as six new subscribers, collected at a single private party. It is thus that the circulation and influence of such a journal as this may be best extended; for it aims rather to enjoy a respectable and intellectual, than a multitudinous circle of readers. It is addressed to the intelligent portion of the community alone, and, therefore, it tells plain truths, careless whether they be popular, seeking only to raise the tone of periodical criticism, and to infuse a wholesome taste among those with whom it holds its monthly converse about literature, art, and music.

Need we add, that any suggestion for its improvement will be gratefully received and duly considered?

It is our desire that the readers of *THE CRITIC* should feel a personal regard for it, as a friend in whose welfare they are interested, and to whom they can look with confidence for at least an honest judgment upon the subjects with which it professes to concern itself. And, in truth, it is not in any manner a trading speculation. It has no connection with any publisher; it is independent of every influence; it is not established with a view to profit. Its conductors and contributors are gentlemen who gratuitously devote to it their talents, purely from a love of literature and art, and with a conviction of the importance to both of the existence of a thoroughly independent critical journal, which independence can only be secured where gain is not looked for. Whatever the increasing list of subscribers may bring into its treasury will be expended in its improvement. As yet, a considerable loss is incurred upon each number; for, though the circulation is great, the price is so trifling for so large a mass of type, that it must be a vast sale indeed that would, without advertisements, repay the cost of getting up; and booksellers will not give the least support, if they can avoid it, to any periodical that is independent of them. In proof of this, we have the remarkable fact, that though the influential circulation of *THE CRITIC* is well known to them, and they express their opinion privately that it is one of the most promising publications of the time, it has received from them only one book for review, and not a single advertisement; the books and advertisements hitherto sent having, with that solitary exception, come from the authors. Having, therefore, nothing to hope in the way of support from "the Trade," as it is called, because *THE CRITIC* is not connected with it, it is the more dependent upon the active services of its readers, which, we again repeat, will be the most valuable, because the most effective, that can be rendered to it.

LITERATURE.

Summary.

ALTHOUGH there is a manifest revival of business at the publishers', it is a proof of the low ebb to which our literature has fallen, that there is scarcely a single announcement of a work that bears even the promise of permanence. In history, nothing. Poetry, a blank. Fiction, abundantly stocked, but with the flimsiest manufacture. In philosophy, there is one production, and only one, which England may boast; we allude to "Mills's Treatise on Logic;" a work of great and permanent value, which, we hope, when it has been maturely digested, to bring prominently under the notice of our readers. It will bear keeping. But a single treatise will not take away our reproach, and it will need many such to bring up our country to the level of the Continent. There are many contributions to the class of biography; some of considerable interest. For the names of the personages thus honoured, we refer to that title in the List of New Books of the month, in our last page. Among the announcements, we note a "Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots," by Mr. L. Stanhope Buckingham; the collected works of Thomas Haynes Bayly, which will be acceptable; a novel, called "The Prairie Bird," by the Hon. C. A. Murray; another, with the attractive title of "Chronicles of Gretna Green," by Mr. Hutchinson.

Hood, having resigned the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, has set up for himself, and commences on this day a new magazine, to the support of which he has offered a great temptation in one of the most humorous advertisements which even he has produced. We heartily wish him success, and sure we are that he will deserve it.

HISTORY.

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III., to which are added Remarks on the French Revolution. Third Series. By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S. London: Charles Knight and Co. 1843.

WE know not a task more difficult than that of forming a correct estimate of the character of the noble and learned author of this work, of enshrining him in his proper position in the Temple of Fame, neither above nor below that which posterity will award to him. Brougham, the advocate and orator—Brougham, the editor of Paley, translator of Demosthenes, and the writer of a treatise on hydrostatics—Brougham, the leader of the opposition, and fierce Edinburgh Reviewer—and Brougham, holding up to scorn and condemnation the intense party-spirit of the age, and dilating on the evils of anonymous writing—Brougham, the Chancellor, and Brougham, the ex-Chancellor—Brougham, the consistent and eloquent advocate of law reform, and Brougham, the author of the late worse than useless alterations in Bankruptcy, and the unparalleled job of Chancery Reform—and, lastly, Brougham defending himself from all accusations of fickleness and inconsistency, and the fearless herald of his own praises, as the only consistent statesman of the age. Such are some of the phases in which he must be viewed, and amid all this variety, his powers, like the changing forms of the kaleidoscope, are ever brilliant and dazzling. Add to this, that political and personal feeling, more or less, shines through every action, and enlists our sympathies for or against him, irrespective of his intrinsic merit, and the task becomes almost impossible. This remark applies strongly to the present "Sketches," for the sharpest arrows from his well-filled quiver are pointed and envenomed by recollections of his own real or fancied wrongs. Take the following passages *à propos* of Junius's attacks on the Duke of Bedford:—

"But we shall also be enabled to estimate the value of the class to which he belongs, the body of unknown defamers who, lurking in concealment, bound by no tie of honour, influenced by no regard for public opinion, feeling no sense of shame, their motives wholly inscrutable, gratifying, it may be, some paltry personal spite, or actuated by some motive too sordid to be avowed by the most callous of human beings, vent their calumnies against men whose whole lives are before the world, who in vain would grapple with the nameless mob of their slanderers, but who, did they only know the hand from whence the blows are levelled, would very possibly require no other defence than at once to name their accuser. That the efforts of this despicable race have sometimes prevailed against truth and justice; that the public, in order to indulge their appetite for abuse of eminent men, have suffered the oft-repeated lie to pass current without sifting its value, and have believed what was boldly asserted, with the hardly-credible folly of confounding with the courage of truth, the cheap daring of concealed calumniators, cannot be doubted.

"There is no characteristic more universal of such writers than their indiscriminate railing. They are, in very deed, no respecters of persons. Their hand is against every one. Obscure themselves, they habitually envy all fame. Low far beneath any honest man's level, as, they feel conscious, they must sink were the veil removed which conceals them, they delight in pulling all others down to nearly the same degradation with themselves. Nor is it envy alone that stimulates their malignant appetite. Instinctively aware of the scorn in which they are held, and sure that, were the darkness dispelled in which they lurk, all hands would be raised against them, they obey the animal impulse of fear when they indulge in a propensity to work destruction."

With all our admiration for what he has effected during a public life of above thirty years, or rather brought about by exciting others naturally more slow to project but far more able to carry out improvements, we cannot but see in him that want of judgment which so often dims the brilliant fame of the masters of eloquence, and sadly conclude that his indeed is

"A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled."

The early part of the volume contains a preliminary view of the French Revolution, as far as it is necessary for the comprehension of the Reign of Terror, and some rapid and masterly sketches of the principal actors in that darkest and most appalling scene in the history of the human race.

The success of Robespierre—beyond most men that ever lived hateful, selfish, unprincipled, and cruel, and yet deficient in what is usually essential for him who would "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm" of popular commotion—is thus explained:—

"He, from the dawn of the Revolution, saw with perfect clearness and precision the disposition of the multitude, to be roused, their power when excited, and the manner in which most surely to excite them. He perceived with unerring certainty the magical effect of taking extreme courses, gratifying their disposition to excess, freeing them by removing all restraints and, above all, avoiding the risk of quenching the flame by any interposition of moderate councils, any thwarting of the spirit that had been raised. The perfectly unscrupulous nature of his mind, the total want of all kindly or gentle feelings, the destitution of even common humanity when the purpose of gratifying the propensity to violence was to be accomplished, and the superadded excitement of the war to make the mob first his tools, and then his slaves, enabled him to satiate that thirst, first of destruction, then of fame, which swiftly became a fiercer thirst of power, and, while it could hardly be slaked by any draughts of the intoxicating beverage, clothed him with the attributes of a fiend towards all who either would interrupt or would share his infernal debauch.

"By this view was his conduct always guided; and as the people were ever sure to find him foremost among the more violent, ever at the head of those who would sacrifice all considerations to the favourite maxims, falsely called the principles of the day—laying all prudence on the shelf—giving moderation to the winds—flinging peace to the dogs, the dogs of war—now crying, 'Perish the colonies,'—now, 'Perish commerce'—and ever ready to wade through blood, the best blood of France, towards the attainment of the darling equality and unbridled license of the multitude—he was for this hailed as the 'Incorruptible.'"

We must, however, correct an error into which the habit of the advocate desirous of finding some palliation, some redeeming point, or that which at first sight appears so, has led his lordship. He acquits, in some degree, Robespierre of the atrocities which grew daily more dark and deadly towards the close of the decemviral reign, because he was absent from the Convention and the Committee of Public Safety during six weeks of that period. But he was the real mover and originator of all these atrocities. It was because even the butcher Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes were unwilling to gratify his desire of revenge upon some who had commented upon the haughty tone which, intoxicated with success, his vanity had led him to indulge in, that he brought forward his famous ordinance of 22nd Prairial. By this it was declared that if actual proofs, or such as the patriot jurors might suppose to be real (*preuves morales*), were found against any suspected person, all further evidence was unnecessary. This was his project, that justice might be more speedily done; by his exertions and influence alone, was it finally carried, as originally proposed in the Convention; and upon his head must rest the responsibility of this accursed law, and all that was done in pursuance of it. His absence, like his conduct in the *fête* to the Supreme Being, shewed that his head was turned, not that his heart was softened, by his continued enjoyment of power.

Those only, to use Lord Brougham's apt comparison, who, after seeing a battery erected against a town, and hearing its fire upon the walls for weeks, could believe that the breach which was made had not been made by bullets, but by an earthquake, would adopt the theory of Mounier, that the French Revolution was but the result of accidental circumstances, such as the derangement of the finances and the convocation of the States-General, and wholly uninfluenced by the writings of the philosophers of the preceding age—the Voltaires, Rousseaus, and Diderots, &c. But to stop here would be to lose the most important lesson of wisdom that is to be learnt from this period. It would never have occurred except in a country where the intellect of the nation had been sharpened without any corresponding cultivation of the moral character; where wit, ridicule, sophistry, and scepticism had sapped the foundation of every truth; where dry, cold-blooded reasoning and abstract conceptions had been established as the corner-stones of duty, and the intuitions of conscience and the relationship between man and his Creator deemed worthless, irrational, and impertinent. If Godwin, in the quiet of his study, could throw with contempt all human feelings into the crucible of his metaphysical abstractions, and conclude that a man seeing two persons on the brink of a precipice, and having power to save one only, was bound in justice and duty to weigh in his mind their respective moral qualities, and rescue the one most likely to be useful to the world, though the other were his own father or

greatest benefactor, it is not strange that a nation educated as we have seen France was, should, when roused by political and social wrongs, have become the sport and victim of all the worst passions of human nature, and have found no means of resistance in the baseless pride of a hollow but high-sounding philosophy. It must never be forgotten that all the worst excesses of the Revolution were glossed over with the names of justice, philanthropy, morality, and humanity.

Danton was stigmatized as immoral by Robespierre—the same Robespierre who, in 1791, had voted that it was against humanity to shed the blood of the greatest criminal. Had this view of the subject been more dwelt upon, the favourite theory of the French historians, Mignet and Thiers, that the crimes were necessary, and each successive event linked indissolubly with the preceding, would have found no more followers than it deserves.

Pass we on to refresh our minds with the contemplation of the picture of a true and high-principled lover of liberty, but a consistent and unflinching supporter of the principles of the British constitution—Earl Camden. Although the son of a chief justice, Mr. Pratt's progress at the bar was singularly slow. For nine weary years he toiled in vain, and was only persuaded to continue in the profession by the earnest entreaties of his friend Henley, afterwards Lord Chancellor Northampton. At length, being retained as junior to his friend in an important cause, his leader's accidental illness gave him the long waited for opportunity, and his eloquence and abilities, once shewn, secured to him rapid success. In eight years he became Attorney-General, and three years afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, "the pillow," according to Lord Coke, whereon the attorney doth rest his head. Here

"His unwearied patience, his unbroken suavity of manner, his unruffled calmness of temper, the more to be admired because it was the victory of determined resolution over a natural infirmity, his lucid clearness of comprehension and of statement, his memory, singularly powerful and retentive, his great anxiety to sift each case to the very bottom, and his scrupulous, perhaps extreme care, to assign the reasons for every portion of his opinions, went far to constitute a perfect judge, inferior in value though these qualities might be to the profound learning that has marked some great magistrates, like Lord Eldon and the older lawyers; and, perhaps, to the union of marvellous quickness with sure sagacity, for which others, like the Kenyons, and the Holroys, and the Littledales, have been famous."

But—

"In the great qualities of sustained dignity, chaste, and, therefore, not exaggerated propriety of demeanour, absolute impartiality, and fearless declaration of his conscientious opinion, how surely severer it might expose him to the frowns of power, or the yet more galling censure of his profession, this eminent magistrate never had a superior, very seldom an equal."

In the famous contest between the Government and Wilkes, the most worthless demagogue who ever obtained popularity through the folly of his opponents—the chief justice gave his decided opinion upon the illegality of the general warrants, and upon a new trial being moved, for misdirection, spoke these memorable words:—

"To enter a man's house, by virtue of a nameless warrant, in order to procure evidence, is worse than the Spanish inquisition—a law under which no Englishman would wish to live an hour. It is a daring public attack upon the liberty of the subject, and in violation of the 29th chapter of Magna Charta (*Nemo liber homo, &c.*), which is directly pointed against that arbitrary power."

In the House of Lords he condemned the arbitrary measures of the cabinet to which he belonged, touching Wilkes's election, and left the woolpack in consequence, and during "the whole of the proceedings, both before and after the American war, was the steady and powerful champion of free and sound opinions." Nor did he act from love of popularity, for he opposed, as unconstitutional, Mr. Fox's India Bill, and still more vehemently that statesman's assertions respecting the right of the heir-apparent to the regency. A patriot belived, and died with a patriot's reward—the consciousness of having firmly maintained his principles and faithfully discharged his duty, and of having deservedly won the unabated gratitude of his countrymen. He bequeathed to posterity his name as an example and a beacon, on which the aspiring lawyer cannot too often or too fondly dwell as he strives to maintain his integrity

of character in the pursuit of those high honours which cannot be gained without passing through the rocks and shoals of political life.

But the most interesting sketch in this volume is that of the Marquis Wellesley. Lord Brougham enters into a clear and detailed view of the proceedings and policy of that truly great man when Governor of India, and which, as he tells us in a note, the marquis himself read and approved of as a correct representation. In another respect, this sketch is very piquant, and will fully account for the vials of wrath that some cotemporaries have showered upon the ex-chancellor. It contains a piece of secret history which his lordship evidently gloats over with delight, at the opportunity afforded to him of giving his old colleagues the retort courteous for having forgotten his claims to the woolpack in April, 1835, when Lord Wellesley's far higher claims were equally passed over in silence.

"Falsehood," he says, "never assumed a more foul or audacious form than in the calumnies lavished upon the new Government at the expense of Lord Wellesley's Irish administration. That Government, it was said, never would have passed the Coercion Act of 1833. Indeed! But that Coercion Act came from Lord Melbourne's own office, when as Home Secretary he presided over the Irish department; the only mitigation of the Act having been effected by the Government of 1834, on Lord Wellesley's suggestion. The successor of Lord Wellesley, it was also said, for the first time administered the government fairly and favourably towards the Catholics. Indeed! But Lord Wellesley first brought forward Catholics for the higher offices in the law, and continually propounded measures in their favour, which for some reason or other were never carried into effect. There are two classes of persons who must be covered with shame upon reading such passages as the following, extracted from his lordship's despatch of September, 1834; the vile calumniators of Lord Wellesley, as never having given the Catholics fair play, and those who suffered their supporters to varnish over their weakness by an invidious contrast of their doings with his, profiting by the constantly repeated falsehood that they were the first who ever treated with justice the professors of a religion to which the bulk of the people belonged: 'I think it would be advisable (says his Excellency) to open three seats on the judicial bench, and to take one of the judges from the Roman Catholic bar. This would give the greatest satisfaction to the whole Roman Catholic body. Your lordship, I am convinced, will concur with me in opinion that the Roman Catholics of Ireland have never yet been admitted to the full benefit of the laws passed for their relief. Entitled by law to admission into almost any office in the state, they have been, and are still, practically excluded from almost every branch of the executive administration of the Government. The few admitted into the station of assistant-barristers, or into the police, only serve to mark the right to admission, without any approach to an equitable distribution of official benefit. It is impossible to suppose that a whole nation can repose confidence or act cordially with a Government when so large a portion of the people are practically excluded from all share in the higher offices of the State, while their right to admission is established by law. I therefore conceive that one of the first steps towards the pacification of Ireland should be the correction of this defect; and for this purpose I submit to your lordship's judgment that it is expedient to admit a certain proportion of Roman Catholics into the Privy Council, to the bench, to the higher stations of the law, to other efficient civil offices, and to increase their numbers in the police and in other establishments. This system should be commenced at the same time with the new legal appointments, which would form a main part of it. I would also appoint some Roman Catholics of distinction to the Privy Council. This would be a commencement which I can venture to assure your lordship would be safe and most satisfactory to the whole Roman Catholic body of Ireland.' He then encloses a list of those Roman Catholics whom he recommends, and requests an affirmative answer, that he 'may immediately make the necessary official applications to the Home Secretary.'

"In making public this remarkable document, I violate no official confidence; for, though I held the Great Seal at the time when this important correspondence passed, I was not, owing to some accident, made acquainted with any part of it until the present time (1843). I am therefore wholly free from the responsibility of having neglected so material a communication."

The other characters here illustrated are Siéyes, Fouché, from the pen of Lord Stanhope; John, fourth Duke of Bedford; Wilkes, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice Bushe, Jefferson, Lord Holland, his friend, and John Allen; and these, with the elaborate defence of Walpole, and anatomy of Bolingbroke's brilliant but unprinci-

pled career, render the whole a valuable addition to the general history of the reign of George the Third. We only hope he will continue the series, and favour the world with sketches to the life of his late as well as his present associates.

BIOGRAPHY.

Selections from the Writings of the late J. Sydney Taylor, A. M., Barrister-at-Law; with a brief Sketch of his Life. London: Gilpin. 1843.

THE origin of this valuable volume is thus stated in the Preface.

"Shortly after the death of the late Mr. J. Sydney Taylor, a public meeting* was convened to deliberate on measures to be proposed in regard to his memory. This meeting having been called by advertisement, was numerously as well as most respectably attended; and it was unanimously resolved, first,—to provide a public monument, with a suitable inscription; secondly,—to preserve to society a selection of his writings.

"In order to carry into effect these resolutions, a committee was then appointed, at the head of which was his Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, with whose private friend-ship the deceased had for many years been honoured. Sir John Chetwode, Bart., M.P., (chairman of this meeting)—magistrate of a county in which Mr. Sydney Taylor's professional talents and private virtues were well known—was also of the number; together with Admiral Mangin (another personal friend), William Ewart, Esq., M.P., several members of the bar, both of the Norfolk and other circuits, and various gentlemen—differing in their political or religious sentiments, but—all agreeing in the opinion contained in a letter of the venerable Clarkson, then read, that 'Sydney Taylor ought to be placed among the most valuable benefactors of mankind'—all agreeing in the opinion expressed at this meeting, that 'Sydney Taylor's writings were the best testimonial to his character.' Under the superintendence of a committee so constituted, this volume has been compiled."

As we know nothing more instructive, and certainly nothing more amusing, than biographies of men who have achieved fame or fortune for themselves, we propose in this place to narrate briefly, as our limits compel, the career of Mr. Sydney Taylor, gathering the features of his eventful life from the sketch with which is introduced the bulky volume upon our table.

JOHN SYDNEY TAYLOR was born in Dublin, in the year 1795. It matters not who were his ancestors, for his merit was his own, and needed no lustre borrowed from the dead. That pride must be permitted to those only who have nothing in themselves to be proud of. But he comes of a family of respectability, though his father obtained a livelihood as an engraver. The subject of this memoir was the second son, the eldest following the father's pursuit, and devoting his earnings to the education of the younger children.

In very early life Sydney Taylor exhibited that innate courage which marked his subsequent career. Here is a striking instance of it.

"In his immediate neighbourhood, there lived a friend in whose house he frequently passed an evening. The access to it was through a large bleaching-ground, which, for the better security of the owner's property, was guarded at night by a ferocious dog. Young Taylor happening to remain later than usual one night, before his return the dog was enlarged, and was prowling about on his round of duty. Of this he was unaware, until, in proceeding on his way homeward, he perceived the formidable animal advancing towards him at a trot. What was he to do?—cry out for help? There was none at hand. Fly from him?—vain expedient! He would have been overtaken in an instant, and his destruction inevitable. No. The boy quietly stood his ground, without evincing the least alarm. The dog by this time had placed his great paws upon his shoulders, and the slightest shrinking would have caused his ruin. With a collectedness and courage which cannot be thought of at his age without astonishment, he spoke soothingly to the animal, and patted him on the head. The dog, whose rage would have been enkindled to the utmost by any attempt at resistance, or symptoms of fear, was thus completely subdued. He dropped down and walked with young Taylor quietly to the porter's lodge. The porter, hearing the sound of footsteps, came out to meet him; and when he saw the dog, he shuddered and grew pale. 'Sir,' he said, 'I would not have given a pin for your life—to meet that creature upon the ground at this hour of night, is almost certain death.' This little anecdote will serve to shew the presence of mind with which, at a very early period, he could brave most formidable danger."

* See p. li.

* *Buckle v. Money*, 2 Wils. 205. The imprisonment had only been for six hours, and the treatment unexceptionable; but the chief justice had charged the jury on its being a violation of public liberty."

A love of study and devotion to intellectual pursuits manifested themselves while he was yet a boy. He bought the proof-sheets from a schoolfellow whose father was a printer, and eagerly read their contents. At school he was diligent and successful. Thence he went to Dublin University, and laboured so diligently, that from a pupil he became a teacher, and had the gratification of wholly relieving his brother from the burden of his support. His tastes then leaned rather towards poetry and the lighter literature than to the severer sciences. He twice obtained a premium in struggles for the Chancellor's prizes offered for composition. His character at the University is thus reported:—

"Sydney Taylor had now a considerable university reputation. His attainments and abilities were generally much respected, and for his worth and his merit, in the little circle who enjoyed his intimacy, he was greatly beloved. That it was not larger, arose from a fastidiousness of moral taste, which gave an appearance of reserve to his manners towards general acquaintances, and caused a quick rejection of the approaches of those in whose characters his acute discernment could detect any taint of depravity, or germ of baseness:—of such characters he had an instinctive abhorrence. In those hours of relaxation which were spent in the society of his chosen companions, he was as delightful an associate as could be found. With wit at will, and stores of anecdote, and a fancy impregnated with all that was richest or rarest in literature, both ancient and modern, his mind was a salient *jet d'eau* of pregnant apothegms, lively conceits, or sparkling allusions, always conveyed in a spirit of the kindest humanity, and never verging into buffoonery, or poisoned by ill-nature."

Among his college friends, the most intimate was Charles Wolfe, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore;" they read and wrote together, stimulating the exercise of each other's genius. Fond of music, they sang together also, and the words were often, the music sometimes, the composition of one or the other of them. That Taylor was no mean poet will be acknowledged, when it is known that this is an impromptu written for the tune of "Robin Adair."

"Talk not of spring's soft power,
Genial and mild;
Decking with many a flower
Meadow and wild;
Where, by each glen and lea,
Eve's tranquil gaiety,
Shone not in vain for me,
When Ellen smiled.
But wake, and wake again,
Danger's loud tone;
Or give some dirge-like strain,
Plaintive to moan;
Where autumn's leaves are shed
O'er some youth's grassy bed,
Whose heart like mine has bled—
Ellen's smile flown."

Another anecdote will exhibit his poetical powers in a manner still more striking.

"The discourse one evening turned on the poetry of Southey. One of the party spoke in terms of perhaps high-flown admiration of the genius of that gifted man, and rated his works so very high, that Sydney Taylor became jealous for the literary supremacy of his old favourites, Spenser and Milton; and not only demurred to what he deemed the extravagant praises bestowed upon the living bard, but in a vein of playful banter, and with a sly gravity—which no one could more happily assume—sought to reduce his pretensions as much below their proper level, as his enthusiastic friend had raised them above it. The reply to this was the recitation of a passage from 'Thalaba,' full of the peculiar wild and melancholy beauty which distinguishes that singular poem, and which, it was supposed by the reciter, must silence opposition, and extort universal admiration. But, although no one heard it with more intense feeling than Sydney, he was not to be thus diverted from his railing mood. 'Call you that,' he said, 'poetry? Surely any one could write poetry like that.' 'Oh I say you so?' said his excited opponent; 'come, then, you are not a bad hand yourself, and let us see what you can do.' He instantly took pen and paper, and, almost as fast as he could write, improvised the following description of a man left to perish in a wilderness, adopting the measure of the poem from which the passage had just been given:—

'He looked upon the wilderness,
No light was on its gloom;
No earthly gleam was there,
No sparkling gem of night.
He listened to the winds,
They swept no grove of palm,
No wood of fluttering leaves;
They bore not on their blast
The torrent's rushing roar,
Whose sound, like heavenly music, might awake
The quick rejoicing sense. For he was doomed
To hear that desert howl, commingling harsh
With hurrying drifts of sand;
Or linger on the pause

Which utter silence gave,
That more expressive smote
The solitary man."

He did not hesitate in the choice of a profession. He chose the bar, not for the sake of rank, not because it is an introduction to literature, not because it opens a prospect of place, but for the only reason which should prevail with any young man to adopt it,—a consciousness of capacity for the difficult duties it demands,—a sense of fitness for the arena of public discussion, where the aspirant must not only possess knowledge, but must be enabled to use it readily; where rapid perceptions, a command of words, a perfect self-confidence, a world of common sense, an intimate acquaintance with men and the business of life, must combine to make the advocate, and in the absence of any one of which qualities, the aspirant fails to win verdicts, and therefore to procure briefs. Sydney Taylor went to the bar after due self-examination, led to it not only by confidence in his capacities for it, but from a zeal that glowed within him to employ the art of oratory, of which he hoped to be a master, for the guardianship of civil and religious liberty—the glorious privilege of the British advocate—that which of itself must always secure for his office the respect of the community, and maintain for it the high social and political station which has been awarded to it at all times of our history.

His first aim was to qualify himself to be a public speaker, by the only path through which excellence can be obtained—practice. To secure this, he became a member of the Historical Society—an association of students for the cultivation of historical and constitutional law, the science of history, oratory, and the belles lettres. In addition to this, he formed a private club for the purpose of practice in speaking. In both he laboured diligently, and with so much success, that gradually he was enabled to shake off a constitutional shyness which belonged to him, and, becoming master of himself, was master of his subject and of his language. In this case, as in every other, perseverance prevailed in the end—perseverance is the "open sesame" before which all difficulties yield, and obstacles vanish.

They who have been members of debating societies will readily recognize the extreme danger which they incurred of cultivating a meretricious style of oratory, apt enough in an arena where men meet only to talk, but sadly out of place in scenes of actual business, where the topics to be discussed are real and tangible, and the substance is more looked to by the interested audience than the form. But the temptation into which so many in sober and matter-of-fact England have fallen beyond redemption was infinitely increased in an Irish debating society, where the genius of the country accepted the froth and flowers of speech as genuine eloquence. Sydney Taylor, however, had better schooled his taste; at first he fell into it, but growing wise in time, he gradually emancipated himself from the fascination of this impure style of oratory. Says his biographer,

"It will readily be supposed that, in a society like this, the imaginative predominated over the less brilliant and fascinating faculties; and that the characteristics of Irish oratory amongst grown men in other places were not wanting amongst the youthful academicians, who were but entering upon their novitiate as public speakers. Such, undoubtedly, was the case, and Sydney Taylor was no exception to the rule. No one could say that his reason was not cultivated; that it was,—and with no mean success; but the lighter and more airy faculties had been so much more indulged and exercised, that the graver seemed comparatively neglected. This was, however, becoming every day less and less the case. The more solid was gradually acquiring its due ascendancy over the more brilliant; and towards the close of his college term, there were few whose intellects were better disciplined, while yet he cherished, as the *penates* of the heart, that love of the wild and beautiful in nature and in art, which imparted a grace and a charm to his converse and to his manners throughout life."

Many incidental benefits flowed from this society: endearing friendships were formed; the mind was accustomed to emancipate itself from the prejudices of education which cling to youth so tenaciously, and are abandoned with so much pain and conflict; the range of thought was largely extended; the reasoning powers were cultivated and brought to the test by conflict with other minds; the taste was refined, and variety of knowledge of necessity acquired.

Each session of the society was opened and closed by a speech from some member appointed for the

purpose. That of the year 1813 fell to the lot of Mr. Sydney Taylor, and his performance of the task gave promise of a brilliant career in after-life. We present one passage as a specimen of his youthful style.

"History, then, properly understood, taken in the scope of its intention, is the great stimulant of genius, and its directress too; 'tis the mart of instruction that receives the tribute of knowledge from every shore, and diffuses it throughout the globe. 'Tis wisdom's temple—the oracle of earth, raised on an eminence that commands the world. But merely to ascertain events, to crowd the memory with incident, to acquire a ready application of date, and a clear and connected idea of mere connective arrangement,—this is not to know history; this is not to wear the attribute of her votary; and he who inquires into actions without deriving experience, he who burthens his memory without improving his mind, does he not in some measure act like one who, entering the magnificent temple of the East, could investigate the accuracy of its dimensions, admire the symmetry of its parts, the elegance of its embellishments, but—blind to the glory between the cherubim,—retire without worshipping its God?"

"To the eye of curiosity history is a trifling acquirement; its study is a useless expenditure of time; for so futile a purpose the pain and research of the compiler is needless and unprofitable; the easier resources of fiction will be quite as amusing, as varied, and as intelligent; they will give you a story as remarkable, as wondrous a catastrophe, and wind you up to as high a pitch of anxious anticipation. But he who approaches the instructive volume to render its perusal truly advantageous, according to his station and hopes in life, so will he mark the career of those whom history, under similar circumstances and relations, places within his view; how far they have succeeded, and why they have failed,—let this be the object of his attention; so from their errors shall he escape their embarrassment, from their virtues he shall attain their celebrity, and prove it a blessing that he was bequeathed their experience."

This is good declamation, but it is evidently studied, written, committed to memory, and so delivered; hence it is no fair test of his oratorical powers. It has obvious faults: it is too turgid in conception, too grandiloquent in execution; simpler words and fewer of them would have been far more effective; but it is tameness itself compared with the Irish oratory then and even now in vogue. This must be remembered in estimating his merits. The speech from which the above is an extract was honoured with the gold medal of the society, and published, with a permitted dedication to Mr., afterwards Lord, Plunket.

The following curious anecdote is related of his college life:—

"The professorship of oratory (Erasmus Smith's) had generally been filled by a senior fellow. Sydney Taylor, upon reading the original bequest, became convinced that the junior fellows, and scholars of his own standing, were eligible to it. To establish that claim, he appeared before the provost and visitors in full convocation, and pleaded so successfully, that the claim was allowed. He accordingly gave notice to the provost and board, that he would appear as a candidate. This example was followed by the late Biaghnam Walker Hamilton, and another scholar; so that on the day of examination five candidates offered themselves:—Dr. Nash; the present Judge Crampton (a junior fellow of 1807); and the three scholars. The examination lasted three days, and was a close one; after the first day, Dr. Nash and two of the scholars declined to appear, leaving the contest between Messrs. Taylor and Crampton, the latter of whom, by many years the senior, ultimately obtained the prize."

In 1816 he entered at the Temple, and there, like many of his countrymen, he resolved to quit the prospects opened to him at the Irish bar, and wait for practice in England, where a wider field was opened to him. But he was mainly tempted to this by a hope that in the metropolis he should find profitable employment for his pen, with which he amused and improved the hours of relaxation from the severer studies of his profession.

His first contributions to the press appeared in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*; he soon afterwards joined Mr. Crofton Croker and some other gentlemen in a weekly paper called *The Talisman*, which failed; ultimately he procured an engagement on the *Morning Herald*, in which journal appeared the series of compositions which gave to it a reputation it has never enjoyed before nor since, and from which the selections are made that occupy the greater portion of the remarkable volume upon our table.

For more than twelve months he edited that

journal, during the severe illness of Mr. Thwaites, the proprietor; and so well did it prosper under his management, that he was entreated to continue at the post, and liberal offers were made to tempt him. But his heart was in his profession; he felt within him the fire of the advocate, he knew his capacities for that glorious calling, and he returned again to the bar, still, however, employing his leisure in contributing to the columns of the Journal. He was the author of that series of powerful articles which were the principal agents in the reformation of the criminal law, and his legal studies not a little aided him in the task he had undertaken. His biographer observes,

"The duty of a public writer he the more readily undertook, because of its compatibility with the studies requisite for his profession; and because an opportunity would thus be afforded him of promoting those humane views which he entertained upon many questions, and, amongst the rest, upon the subject of our criminal jurisprudence—the necessity for reform in which, the enlightened and philanthropic Romilly had, with great force of reason and eloquence, long sought to impress upon the mind of Parliament. Toward the close of his useful life, how beautifully in the following passage, and with what a consciousness of integrity, does he refer to those his public labours, where (replying to an opponent,) he says:—'Yet let us be allowed to ask, when have we abstained from pleading the cause of the poor and humble? When have we shrunk from exposing errors, or denouncing injustice in the administration of the laws, through fear of princes or parliaments, the rulers or the judges of the land? When have we omitted to point out the vices of the laws themselves, where we found them at variance with sound morals, with good policy, with Christianity, and with civilization? Have we flinched in the advocacy of the great principles of enlightened criminal jurisprudence from the dread of any power, or out of respect to any party?'"

He was not content with advocating amelioration of punishment, he strenuously urged the importance of the prevention of crime by good legislation; and in one of his papers he thus states the subjects upon which he had employed his philanthropic pen. It is a glorious list:—

"Our readers will bear us witness," (he writes upon one occasion) "that we have long laboured in the great work of social reformation—the improvement of our civil and criminal jurisprudence—the abolition of negro slavery—the extirpation, from our laws and customs, of the cruel, unjust, and impolitic imprisonment for debt—the emancipation of the white slaves of the factory system from the grinding bondage of a merciless cupidity—the amelioration of the condition of the labouring population—the extirpation of that great fraud, the slave-apprenticeship system—the abolition of the revolting cruelty of military flogging—the suppression of the disgusting barbarity of prize-fights, and the prevention of all abuses of power to the torment of man, or those animals of the CREATOR has given him to use, not to torture—the promotion of the religious and moral education of the people, in contradistinction to the infidel schemes for planting the land with a godless population; these are some of the many questions connected with the moral and social well-being of society which, sometimes amid the din and uproar of contending factions, sometimes in the intervals of political contention, we have made the subjects of discussion—not wholly without advantage to community."

But he strove in other ways for the improvement of society. In 1823, he took an active part in the establishment of the London Mechanics' Institution; and his speech at the first public meeting was much admired. In 1824, he joined the Aylesbury Sessions and Norfolk Circuit, and was immediately introduced to the present Duke of Buckingham, who admitted him to private friendship, and made him his legal adviser: such a patron speedily brought him into practice.

On the death of his college chum, Wolfe, he claimed for him the authorship of the "*Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore*," in a letter published in the *Morning Chronicle*, which excited great interest at the time, and which is reprinted in this memoir.

The first case that brought him into notice as an advocate was the Roscommon Peerage, of which the following history is given:—

"A case was put into his hands which was deemed, by those who had before engaged in it, almost hopeless. This was the claim of Michael James Robert Dillon to the Earldom of Roscommon; and Sydney Taylor, having duly considered it, was of opinion that it might be prosecuted with success. His client claimed as the eldest existing descendant of the seventh son of James Dillon, created the first Earl of Roscommon in 1622; and when it is considered that the interval was more than two centuries, and that

the law required that he should be able to satisfy the highest tribunal that of the six elder brothers the progeny was extinct, it will be readily understood how complicated and persevering the labour was by which alone a successful result could be obtained.

"This important case, after three years of exertion, during which his knowledge as a lawyer, and his skill and eloquence as an advocate, were signalized, was, in 1828, determined by the House of Lords in favour of his client, the present earl. It was Lord Lyndhurst who, as Chancellor, delivered the decision, and generously complimented the young advocate upon the very great ability he had displayed in the management of his cause, privately remarking to a noble lord that it was one of the clearest speeches to evidence he had ever heard at the bar of that house."

About a year before this he married a Miss Hall, a niece of his friend Perry. The union was a singularly happy one.

With a rapidly-increasing practice, he yet found or made time to continue his advocacy of the interests of humanity. In the press, and on the platform, he supported many charitable institutions. He opposed with success the demolition of the "Ladye Chapel" of St. Saviour, Southwark; and the committee, grateful for his services, resolved to commemorate them by placing the armorial bearings of his family in stained glass in one of the windows.

On the passing of the Reform Bill, he was invited to offer himself as a candidate for parliamentary honours; but he preferred to pursue his profession, although his labours were fast pressing him into the grave. His last important case was the successful defence of Oxford, for shooting at the Queen. His great speech on that occasion will be remembered by most of our readers. It would certainly have conducted him to a business that would have placed him on the heights of his profession, but that disease, neglected in its early stages, became functional, and, combined with want of the exercise necessary to preserve the body in health, had now made such progress, that he was physically unable to pursue the brilliant path that was opening before him. He retired with regret, but without a murmur. An affecting anecdote is told of his last illness:—

"During his affliction he requested of her who had so long been his faithful companion (and, as the event shewed, was so soon to be his widow) to open on a certain part of Cowper's 'Winter Morning Walk,' and read it to him. She commenced, but was unable to get through. The reader may find the passage by turning to where these lines occur:—

'But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood
Well spent in such a strife may earn indeed,
And for a time insure to his loved land,
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies:
Yet few remember them.'

After sufferings of the severest kind, which he endured like a Christian, he died on the 10th of Dec., 1841, at the age of forty-five, having done more in his brief life than most men who reach the longest term allotted to mortality. Nor was the world quite forgetful of his services. If the reader of this brief memoir will visit the Cemetery at Kensall Green, he will see, amid the crowd of tablets to the memories of men, whose virtues are recorded nowhere else, a simple pillar of polished granite, surmounted by a classic urn of the same material. The inscription upon the stone bears the name of JOHN SYDNEY TAYLOR, and records that "the tomb was raised, by the unanimous vote of a public meeting, to mark his maintenance of the principles of constitutional liberty and Christian morality, and his successful exertions in advocating the abolition of the punishment of death."

And, before he turns away, let the pilgrim take to his heart the moral of this history; let him learn from the life of Sydney Taylor how much it is possible for any man to accomplish who devotes his time and energies to a worthy pursuit; that the highest mental attainments, and the most active employment of the mental faculties, are not incompatible with legal knowledge or professional success; that a man may be at once a sound lawyer, a great writer, and a good Christian; that to take part in public affairs, and perform the offices of the citizen, is not a detriment to private advancement; that perseverance in a just cause, though at first you stand alone, will in the end rally a host about

you; and that whatever is unsound, if you follow up the assault vigorously, though you seem like a dwarf attacking a giant, will after a while be shaken to its base, and then will topple down, amid the cheers of the admiring world, even of those who had defended it the most stoutly. Go, reader, and do thou likewise!

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Bible in Spain; or, the Journey, Adventures and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. By GEORGE BORROW, author of "*The Gypsies of Spain*." London, 1843. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

THIS cheap reprint of an entertaining and instructive book forms the first of a projected series of standard works entitled, "*Murray's Colonial and Home Library*," a speculation that owes its existence partly to the increasing demand, both abroad and at home, for low-priced works of a useful character, and partly to the salutary changes recently effected in the law of copyright, which, it is to be hoped, will conclusively put down the shameful and infamous pirates of America, whose hasty and inaccurate republications of English books, at a trifling charge, have inundated not only our colonies, but even the mother country, to the serious injury of the British author, and the scandal and disgrace of the book trade in America.

Having carefully read the work before us—the aim of which is excellent, and the execution admirable—we think the selection of it, for a beginning of the projected series, in every way judicious; and we joyfully hail it as an earnest on the part of the publisher that such works only as afford a wholesome and nutritious *pabulum* to the mind of the English reader—under what meridian soever he may exist—shall form a part of this new and promising undertaking.

View him from what point soever you will, the author of "*The Bible in Spain*" is an extraordinary man. Reflective by nature, earnest in his convictions as to the best mode of ameliorating the moral and, through that, the physical condition of Mankind, at the same time equally prompt and resolute in carrying out his views, he has devoted all his energies to the dissemination of the sacred Scriptures in those lands where he believed it might be done with the greatest advantage. Having this benevolent object steadfastly at heart, he has visited many countries, and mixed with many peoples, shivering this year on the snowy banks of the ice-bound Volga, and languishing the next on the sultry shores of the sunny Bosphorus.

Observing that Spain, which for centuries had lain prostrate beneath a cunning priesthood, a hundred times more arbitrary and terrible than the worst secular government she had ever known, presented a wide and improvable field for his labours, he determined to use his best endeavours to free her from so slavish a condition, and to give her, if she would accept it, the means whereby he believed she might become a happy and enlightened nation. At the time he projected this scheme, that beautiful country was the arena of that most dreadful of visitations, a civil war; and this circumstance, we apprehend, was rather favourable to his intentions than otherwise, since it gave him a hope of effecting them without exciting the jealousy of either of the contending parties. How far he succeeded let his volume shew; but the admirable qualities he displayed, from first to last, in his sacred mission, we may not overpass in silence.

Few men, perhaps, have ever been more fitted for the arduous, yet delicate, undertaking he had entered on, than George Borrow. A good linguist, an excellent tactician, and the closest of observers, he mixed freely among people of every grade and party, studying their customs, and carefully noting their prejudices, so that at the proper season he might frame his measures accordingly. The constancy with which he pursued his object, and the zeal which animated him throughout, are no less astonishing than deserving of imitation. Undeterred by enormous difficulty, undismayed by frequent and imminent danger, patient of imprisonment, and superior to fatigue, his eyes were fixed steadily on the wished-for goal, and, he struggled manfully to attain it. He scattered the seed with no sparing hand before him, and, though far too much of it fell on stony places where it perished, a part we

may be assured found root, and will fructify and spread its kind hereafter.

With the merits of "The Bible in Spain," as a book, we have next to deal. As a writer, we unhesitatingly affirm Mr. Borrow to be eminently successful. Certainly, in our day, no work has appeared which conveys half so truthful and vivid a picture of Spanish life and manners, or even of the physical aspect of the country, as this. Herein, though the distinction between them in some other points is distinct enough, our author successfully emulates Cervantes and Le Sage. A few bold graphic strokes convey to the mind's eye a picture so full of colour and spirit as often to startle by its reality. Bear witness the following, selected at random from a multitude of the like:—

MODERN SPAIN.

"The day was exceedingly hot, and we wended our way slowly along the plains of Old Castile. With all that pertains to Spain, vastness and sublimity are associated: grand are its mountains, and no less grand are its plains, which seem of boundless extent, but which are not tame unbroken flats, like the steppes of Russia. Rough and uneven ground is continually occurring; here a deep ravine and gully worn by the wintry torrent; yonder an eminence not unfrequently craggy and savage, at whose top appears the lone solitary village. There is little that is blithesome and cheerful, but much that is melancholy. A few solitary rusties are occasionally seen toiling in the fields—fields without limit or boundary, where the green oak, the elm, or the ash are unknown; where only the sad and desolate pine displays its pyramid-like form, and where no grass is to be found. And who are the travellers of these districts? For the most part arrieros, with their long trains of mules hung with monotonous tinkling bells. Behold them with their brown faces, brown dresses, and broad slouched hats;—the arrieros, the true lords of the roads of Spain, and to whom more respect is paid in these dusty ways than to dukes and condes;—the arrieros, sullen, proud, and rarely courteous, whose deep voices may be sometimes heard at the distance of a mile, either cheering the sluggish animals, or shortening the dreary way with savage and dissonant songs.

"Late in the afternoon we reached Medina del Campo, formerly one of the principal cities of Spain, though at present an inconsiderable place. Immense ruins surround it in every direction, attesting the former grandeur of this 'city of the plain.' We found the town crowded with people awaiting the fair, which was to be held in a day or two. These not only brought with them their merchandise, but their wives and children. Some of them appeared to be people of the worst description: there was one in particular, a burly, savage-looking fellow, of about forty, whose conduct was atrocious; he sat with his wife, or perhaps concubine, at the door of a room which opened upon the court; he was continually venting horrible and obscene oaths, both in Spanish and Catalan. The woman was remarkably handsome, but robust, and seemingly as savage as himself; her conversation likewise was as frightful as his own. Both seemed to be under the influence of an incomprehensible fury. At last, upon some observation from the woman, he started up, and drawing a long knife from his girdle, stabbed at her naked bosom; she, however, interposed the palm of her hand, which was much cut. He stood for a moment viewing the blood trickling upon the ground, whilst she held up her wounded hand, then, with an astounding oath, he hurried up the court to the Plaza. I went up to the woman and said, 'What is the cause of this? I hope the ruffian has not seriously injured you.' She turned her countenance upon me with the glance of a demon, and at last, with a sneer of contempt, exclaimed, '*Caràls, que es eso?*' Cannot a Catalan gentleman be conversing with his lady upon their own private affairs without being interrupted by you?" She then bound up her hand with a handkerchief, and going into the room brought a small table to the door, on which she placed several things, as if for the evening's repast, and then sat down on a stool: presently returned the Catalan, and without a word took his seat on the threshold; then, as if nothing had occurred, the extraordinary couple commenced eating and drinking, interlarding their meal with oaths and jests.

"We spent the night at Medina, and departing early next morning, passed through much the same country as the day before, until about noon we reached a small venta, distant half a league from the Duero; here we reposed ourselves during the heat of the day, and then, remounting, crossed the river by a handsome stone bridge, and directed our course to Valladolid. The banks of the Duero in this place have much beauty: they abound with trees and brushwood, amongst which, as we passed along, various birds were singing melodiously. A delicious coolness proceeded from the water, which in some parts flowed over some stones or rippled fleetly over white sand, and in others glided softly over blue pools of considerable depth. By the side of one of these

last sat a woman of about thirty, neatly dressed as a peasant; she was gazing upon the water, into which she occasionally flung flowers and twigs of trees. I stopped for a moment to ask a question; she, however, neither looked up nor answered, but continued gazing at the water, as if lost to consciousness of all beside. 'Who is that woman?' said I to a shepherd, whom I met the moment after. 'She is mad, *la pobre cilla*,' said he: 'she lost her child about a month ago in that pool, and she has been mad ever since: they are going to send her to Valladolid, to the Casa de los Locos. There are many who perish every year in the eddies of the Duero; it is a bad river; *vaya usted con la Virgen, Caballero*.' So I rode on through the pinares, or thin scanty pine-forests, which skirt the way to Valladolid in this direction."

The following vivid and exciting picture of an execution at Madrid will be read with great interest:—

AN EXECUTION.

"We did go to see this execution, which I shall long remember. The criminals were two young men, brothers; they suffered for a most atrocious murder, having in the dead of night broken open the house of an aged man, whom they put to death, and whose property they stole. Criminals in Spain are not hanged as they are in England, or guillotined as in France, but strangled upon a wooden stage. They sit down on a kind of chair with a post behind, to which is affixed an iron collar with a screw; this iron collar is made to clasp the neck of the prisoner, and on a certain signal it is drawn tighter and tighter by means of the screw, until life becomes extinct. After we had waited amongst the assembled multitude a considerable time, the first of the culprits appeared; he was mounted on an ass, without saddle or stirrups, his legs being allowed to dangle nearly to the ground. He was dressed in yellow sulphur-coloured robes, with a high-peaked conical red hat on his head, which was shaven. Between his hands he held a parchment, on which was written something, I believe the confession of faith. Two priests led the animal by the bridle; two others walked on either side, chanting litanies, amongst which I distinguished the words of heavenly peace and tranquillity, for the culprit had been reconciled to the church, had confessed and received absolution, and had been promised admission to heaven. He did not exhibit the least symptom of fear, but dismounted from the animal and was led, not supported, up to the scaffold, where he was placed on the chair, and the fatal collar put round his neck. One of the priests then in a loud voice commenced saying the *Belief*, and the culprit repeated the words after him. On a sudden, the executioner, who stood behind, commenced turning the screw, which was of prodigious force, and the wretched man was almost instantly a corpse; but, as the screw went round, the priest began to shout, '*pax et misericordia et tranquillitas*,' and still as he shouted, his voice became louder and louder, till the lofty walls of Madrid rang with it: then stooping down, he placed his mouth close to the culprit's ear, still shouting, just if he would pursue the spirit through its course to eternity, cheering it on its way. The effect was tremendous. I myself was so excited that I involuntarily shouted '*misericordia*,' and so did many others. God was not thought of; Christ was not thought of; only the priest was thought of, for he seemed at that moment to be the first being in existence, and to have the power of opening and shutting the gates of heaven or of hell, just as he should think proper; a striking instance of the successful working of the Popish system, whose grand aim has ever been to keep people's minds as far as possible from God, and to centre their hopes and fears in the priesthood. The execution of the second culprit was precisely similar; he ascended the scaffold a few minutes after his brother had breathed his last."

Not limiting himself to the giving of a broad view of things as they passed before him, our author carries his observation to the minutest of particulars; thus, without breaking the general unity of effect, he gives to his picture a finish as high and delicate as would have done credit to a Holbein or a Cornelius Jansen. The reader will find proof of this in the following brief description of

PORTUGUESE JEWS.

"Gathered in small clusters about the pillars at the lower extremities of the gold and silver streets in Lisbon, may be observed, about noon in every day, certain strange-looking men, whose appearance is neither Portuguese nor European. Their dress generally consists of a red cap, with a blue silken tassel at the top of it, a blue tunic, girded at the waist with a red sash, and wide linen pantaloons or trousers. He who passes by these groups generally hears them conversing in broken Spanish or Portuguese, and occasionally in a harsh guttural language, which the oriental traveller knows to be the Arabic, or a dialect thereof. These people are the Jews of Lisbon. Into the midst of one of these groups I one day introduced myself, and pronounced a *beraka*, or blessing. I have

lived in different parts of the world, much amongst the Hebrew race, and am well acquainted with their ways and phraseology. I was rather anxious to become acquainted with the state of the Portuguese Jews, and I had now an opportunity. 'The man is a powerful rabbi,' said a voice in Arabic; 'it behoves us to treat him kindly.' They welcomed me. I favoured their mistake, and in a few days I knew all that related to them and their traffic in Lisbon.

"I found them a vile, infamous rabble, about two hundred in number. With a few exceptions, they consist of escapados from the Barbary shore, from Tetuan, from Tangier, but principally from Mogadore; fellows who have fled to a foreign land from the punishment due to their misdeeds. Their manner of life in Lisbon is worthy of such a goodly assemblage of *amis réunis*. The generality of them pretend to work in gold and silver, and keep small peddling shops; they, however, principally depend for their livelihood on an extensive traffic in stolen goods which they carry on. It is said that there is honour amongst thieves, but this is certainly not the case with the Jews of Lisbon, for they are so greedy and avaricious, that they are constantly quarrelling about their ill-gotten gain, the result being that they frequently ruin each other. Their mutual jealousy is truly extraordinary. If one, by cheating and rovery, gains a cruzado in the presence of another, the latter instantly says, 'I cry halves,' and if the first refuse, he is instantly threatened with an information. The manner in which they cheat each other has, with all its infamy, occasionally something extremely droll and ludicrous. There was a Swiri, or Jew of Mogadore, who kept a small shop in one of the lanes contiguous to the street of silver. One day a Jew from Gibraltar entered with a Portuguese female, who held in her hand a mantle richly embroidered with gold.

"*Gibraltar Jew*.—(Speaking in broken Arabic.) Good day, O Swiri; God has favoured me this day; here is a bargain by which we shall both gain. I have bought this mantle of the woman, almost for nothing, for it is stolen; but I am poor, as you know; I have not a cruzado; pay her therefore the price, that we may then forthwith sell the mantle and divide the gain.

"*Swiri*.—Willingly, brother of Gibraltar; I will pay the woman for the mantle; it does not appear a bad one.

"Thereupon he flung two cruzados to the woman, who forthwith left the shop.

"*Gibraltar Jew*.—Thanks, brother Swiri, this is very kind of you; now let us go and sell the mantle, the gold alone is well worth a moidore; but I am poor, and have nothing to eat, give me, therefore, the half of that sum and keep the mantle; I shall be content.

"*Swiri*.—May Allah blot out your name, you thief. What mean you by asking me for money? I bought the mantle of the woman and paid for it. I know nothing of you. Go out of my doors, dog of a Nazarine. If not I will pay you with a kick. The dispute was referred to one of the *sabios*, or priests; but the *sabio*, who was also from Mogadore, at once took the part of the Swiri, and decided that the other should have nothing. Whereupon the Gibraltar Jew cursed the *sabio*, his father, mother, and all his family. The *sabio* replied, 'I put you in *ndui*, a kind of purgatory, or hell. 'I put you in seven *nduis*,' retorted the incensed Jew, over whom, however, superstition far speedily prevailed; he faltered, became pale, and, dropping his voice, retreated, trembling in every limb. The Jews have two synagogues in Lisbon; both are small; one is, however, tolerably well furnished; it has its reading-desk, and in the middle there is a rather handsome chandelier; the other is little better than a sty, filthy to a degree, without ornament of any kind. The congregation of this last bear a very evil character; no Jew of the slightest respectability ever enters it. How well do superstition and crime go hand in hand! These wretched beings break the eternal commandments of their Maker without scruple; but they will not partake of the beast with the cloven foot, and the fish which has no scales. They pay no regard to the denunciations of holy prophets against the children of sin, but they quake at the sound of a dark cabalistic word, pronounced by one perhaps their equal, or superior in villainy; as if God would delegate the exercise of his power to the workers of iniquity. Such are Jews in Lisbon."

The subjoined description of an ancient *cromlech* in Spain, together with the reflections of our author thereupon, are worthy of transcript.

THE DRUID'S STONE.

"After proceeding about a league and a half, a blast came booming from the north, rolling before it immense clouds of dust; happily it did not blow in our faces, or it would have been difficult to proceed, so great was its violence. We had left the road, in order to take advantage of one of those short cuts, which, though passable for a horse or a mule, are far too rough to permit any species of carriage to travel along them. We were in the midst of sands, brushwood, and huge pieces of rock, which thickly studded the ground. These are the stones which form the

sierras of Spain and Portugal; those singular mountains which rise in naked horridness, like the ribs of some mighty carcass from which the flesh has been torn. Many of these stones or rocks grew out of the earth, and many lay on its surface unattached, perhaps wrested from their bed by the waters of the Deluge. Whilst toiling along these wild wastes, I observed, a little way to my left, a pile of stones of rather a singular appearance, and rode up to it. It was a Druidical altar, and the most perfect and beautiful one of the kind which I had ever seen. It was circular, and consisted of stones immensely large and heavy at the bottom, which towards the top became thinner and thinner, having been fashioned by the hand of art to something of the shape of scollop shells. These were surmounted by a very large flat stone, which slanted down towards the south, where was a door. Three or four individuals might have taken shelter within the interior, in which was growing a small thorn-tree.

"I gazed with reverence and awe upon the pile where the first colonies of Europe offered their worship to the unknown God. The temples of the mighty and skilful Roman, comparatively of modern date, have crumbled to dust in its neighbourhood. The churches of the Arian Goth, his successor in power, have sunk beneath the earth, and are not to be found; and the mosques of the Moor, the conqueror of the Goth, where and what are they? Upon the rock, masses of hoary and vanishing ruin. Not so the Druid's stone; there it stands on the hill of winds, as strong and as freshly new as the day, perhaps thirty centuries back, when it was first raised, by means which are a mystery. Earthquakes have heaved it, but its cope-stone has not fallen; rain floods have deluged it, but failed to sweep it from its station; the burning sun has flashed upon it, but neither split nor crumbled it; and time, stern old time, has rubbed it with his iron tooth, and with what effect let those who view it declare. There it stands, and he who wishes to study the literature, the learning, and the history of the ancient Celt and Cymrian, may gaze on its broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount. The Roman has left behind him his deathless writings, his history, and his songs; the Goth his liturgy, his traditions, and the germs of noble institutions; the Moor his chivalry, his discoveries in medicine, and the foundations of modern commerce; and where is the memorial of the Druidic races? Yonder: that pile of eternal stone!"

A beautiful, and (notwithstanding all that iron-hearted statisticians may urge to the contrary) a truthful reflection is the following. We remember to have read years ago a similar thought, most eloquently expressed, in the charming confessions of that most impassioned of the votaries to nature, Rousseau.

CHILDREN OF THE FIELDS.

"I have always found in the disposition of the children of the fields a more determined tendency to religion and piety than amongst the inhabitants of towns and cities, and the reason is obvious—they are less acquainted with the works of man's hands than with those of God; their occupations, too, which are simple and requiring less of ingenuity and skill than those which engage the attention of the other portion of their fellow creatures, are less favourable to the engendering of self conceit and sufficiency, so utterly at variance with that lowliness of spirit which constitutes the best foundation of piety. The sneerers and scoffers at religion do not spring from amongst the simple children of nature, but are the excrecences of over-wrought refinement; and though their baneful influence has indeed penetrated to the country and corrupted man there, the source and fountain-head was amongst crowded houses, where nature is scarcely known. I am not one of those who look for perfection amongst the rural population of any country; perfection is not to be found amongst the children of the fall, wherever their abodes may happen to be; but, until the heart discredits the existence of a God, there is still hope for the soul of the possessor, however stained with crime he may be, for even Simon the magician was converted; but when the heart is once steered with infidelity, infidelity confirmed by carnal wisdom, an exuberance of the grace of God is required to melt it, which is seldom manifested; for we read in the blessed book that the Pharisee and the wizard became receptacles of grace, but where is there mention made of the conversion of the sneering Sadducee, and is the modern infidel aught but a Sadducee of later date?"

A bold and masterly picture of a revolt at Madrid, giving the detail of Quesada's downfall and death, is the following:—

QUESADA'S ONSLAUGHT.

"We had scarcely been five minutes at the window, when we suddenly heard the clattering of horses' feet hastening down the street called the Calle de Carretas. The house in which we had stationed ourselves was, as I have already observed, just opposite to the post-office, at the left of which this street debouches from

the north into the Puerta del Sol: as the sounds became louder and louder, the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic seemed to have fallen upon all: once or twice, however, I could distinguish the words 'Quesada! Quesada!' The foot soldiers stood calm and motionless, but I observed that the cavalry, with the young officer who commanded them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging with each other some hurried words; all of a sudden that part of the crowd which stood near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and the next moment Quesada, in complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thorough-bred English horse, with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the area, in much the same manner as I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly flung open.

"He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and at a short distance by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down and lay sprawling upon the ground, beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends; for as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they had entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men, by dint of valour and good horsemanship, strike terror into at least as many thousands: I saw Quesada spur his horse repeatedly into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed, and gave way, retiring by the Calle de Comercio and the street of Alcalá. All at once, Quesada singled out two nationals, who were attempting to escape, and setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment, and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out, 'Long live the absolute queen!' when, just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd which had still maintained its ground, perhaps from not having the means of escaping, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent Quesada to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the general as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view for a moment of a well-known foraging cap just about the spot from whence the gun had been discharged, then there was a rush of the crowd, and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discovery amidst the confusion which arose.

"As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment, then leaving the two nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the cry of the constitution, and to him he addressed a few words with an air of stern menace; the youth evidently quailed before him, and probably in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air; whereupon Quesada dismounted, and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind."

"This was the glorious day of Quesada's existence, his glorious and last day. I call it the day of his glory, for he certainly never before appeared under such brilliant circumstances, and he never lived to see another sun set. No action of any conqueror or hero on record, is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada, for who, by his single desperate courage and impetuosity, ever before stopped a revolution in full course? Quesada did: he stopped the revolution at Madrid for one entire day, and brought back the uproarious and hostile mob of a huge city to perfect order and quiet. His burst into the Puerta del Sol was the most tremendous and successful piece of daring ever witnessed. I admired so much the spirit of the 'brute bull' that I frequently, during his wild onset, shouted 'Viva Quesada!' for I wished him well. Not that I am of any political party or system. No, no! I have lived too long with Rommany Chals and Pentulengres to be of any politics, save gypsy politics; and it is well known that, during elections, the children of Roma side with both parties so long as the event is doubtful, promising success to each; and then, when the fight is done, and the battle won, invariably range themselves in the ranks of the victorious. But, I repeat, that I wished well to Quesada, witnessing, as I did, his stout heart and good horsemanship. Tranquillity was restored to Madrid throughout the remainder of the day; the handful of infantry bivouacked in the Puerta del Sol. No more cries of long live the constitution were heard; and the revolution in the capital seemed to have been effectually put down. It is probable, indeed, that had the chiefs of the moderado party but continued true to themselves for forty-eight hours longer, their cause would have triumphed, and the revolutionary soldiers at the Granja would have been glad to restore the Queen Regent to liberty, and to have come to terms, as it was well known that several regiments, who still continued loyal, were marching upon Madrid. The moderados, however, were not

true to themselves; that very night their hearts failed them, and they fled in various directions. Isturitz and Gálvez to France, and the Duke of Rivas to Gibraltar; the panic of his colleagues even infected Quesada, who, disguised as a civilian, took to flight. He was not, however, so successful as the rest, but was recognised at a village about three leagues from Madrid, and cast into the prison by some friends of the constitution. The disgrace of his capture was instantly transmitted to the capital, and a vast mob of the nationals, some on foot, some on horseback, and others in cabriolets, instantly set out. 'The nationals are coming,' said a paisano to Quesada. 'Then,' said he, 'I am lost,' and forthwith prepared himself for death.

"There is a celebrated coffee-house in the Calle d'Alcalá, at Madrid, capable of holding several hundred individuals. On the evening of the day in question, I was seated there, sipping a cup of the brown beverage, when I heard a prodigious noise and clamour in the street; it proceeded from the nationals, who were returning from their expedition. In a few minutes, I saw a body of them enter the coffee-house, marching arm in arm, two by two, stamping on the ground with their feet, in a kind of measure, and repeating in loud chorus, as they walked round the spacious apartment, the following grisly stanza:—

Que es lo que abaja
Por aquel cerro?
Ta ra ra ra.
Son los huesos de Quesada.
Que los trae un perro—
Ta ra ra ra.

A huge bowl of coffee was then called for, which was placed upon a table around which gathered the national soldiers; there was silence for a moment, which was interrupted by a voice roaring out, 'el panuelo!' A blue kerchief was forthwith produced, which appeared to contain a substance of some kind; it was untied, and a gory hand and three or four discoloured fingers made their appearance, and with these the contents of the bowl were stirred up. 'Cups! cups!' cried the nationals.

"Ho, ho! Don Jorge," cried Baltasarito, coming up to me with a cup of coffee, 'pray do me the favour to drink upon this glorious occasion. This is a pleasant day for Spain and for the gallant nationals of Madrid. I have seen many a bull fuction, but none which has given me so much pleasure as this. Yesterday the brute had it all his own way, but to-day the toreros have prevailed, as you see, Don Jorge. Pray drink, for I must now run home to fetch my pajama to play my brethren a tune, and sing a copla. What shall it be? Something in *Gilano*?'

'Una noche sinava en tu cue.'"

You shake your head, Don Jorge. Ha, ha! I am young, and youth is the time for pleasure. Well, well, out of compliment to you, who are an Englishman and a mono, it shall not be that, but something liberal, something patriotic, the Hymn of Riego—Hasta despues, Don Jorge!"

The above extracts, which are all our limited space permits us to indulge in, will have been sufficient to shew that this is no trivial common-place book. It bears the stamp of a strong and original mind on its every page, therefore unhesitatingly do we recommend it to our readers, assured they will, on a perusal of it, agree with us in declaring that a more amusing and instructive work may not easily be found. Hitherto, owing to its high cost, it has necessarily circulated through a limited class of readers; among these, however, it has won for its author the highest praise. Issued in its present form, at a comparatively trifling price, its range will be indefinitely extended; and, thanks to the enterprise of the publisher, thousands who otherwise would have been shut out from enjoying it will now find in its earnest, interesting contents, a literary banquet of no common nature.

A Visit to the East. By the REV. H. FORMBY, M.A. London, 1843. Burns.

THE reading world is beginning to weary of Tours to the Holy Land, and with good reason. Formerly a travel thither was an undertaking of no small difficulty and danger; now it is almost as easily accomplished as a trip to Rome, and, consequently, a deluge of pilgrims has been poured into Judea, each of whom has deemed it necessary to publish his notes for the edification of those who stay at home, until every child is as familiar with every spot in the Holy Land as with the streets of his town or the bird's-nest hedge-rows in his neighbourhood.

"Of these lines the following translation, in the style of the old English ballad, will, perhaps, not be unacceptable:

What down the hill comes hurrying there?
With a hey, with a ho, a sword and a gun!
Quesada's bones, which a hound doth bear,
Hurrah, brave brothers! the work is done."

Therefore has Mr. Formby done wisely to compress his story into a small volume, at a low price, for thus he may chance to obtain the patronage of a numerous class of readers who cannot afford to purchase the ordinary octavo fashionable volumes with their margined pages and great types.

If an amusing and seemingly accurate account of the countries through which Mr. Formby travelled be desired by a reader who does not care to expend more than a few shillings for it, let him order this volume; it is worth its price; but it is not to be chosen in preference to many other books of a higher class on the same subject.

Mr. Formby's matter and manner may be best judged by the following extracts:—

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PACHA.

"Our first care was to prepare for a return to Europe, and if possible to obtain an interview with the Pacha before quitting the country. It was the season of the fast of Ramadan, and no public business is suffered to be transacted until after sunset. This caused the hours of evening to be entirely occupied with hearing and receiving intelligence from the different officers of the Government, and the consul appeared unable to present us in form. Owing to Mr. Waghorn's kindness, we were received as his friends; and I shall long remember our interview. At about half-past six we came to the palace to wait the sunset, which is the signal for prayers to begin. As I had been selected to act as mediator between Atyn Bey, the French interpreter, and our kind introducer, Mr. Waghorn, we walked up the palace stairs in time to witness the public prayers, which, during this month, are the prelude to business. Nothing could, in all appearance, be more devout and reverential, the Pacha himself appearing to join with due solemnity. When these were over, we entered a handsome room, surrounded with a lofty crimson velvet divan, exhibiting in its decorations the peculiar taste of the east, in which, though the separate execution of the several parts was indifferent, yet the whole presented a pleasing appearance. We were introduced; and Mr. Waghorn was asked to sit beside the Pacha, who retired to a corner of the divan, and began questioning him respecting the events that the interval between the last mails had brought to pass in Europe. The complete command which he appears to have over his features did not allow the smallest anxiety to be apparent, although during the time of our visit, the events that have since happened in 1840 were doubtless, to his perfect knowledge, preparing in the diplomatic conclaves of Europe, and European intelligence must, therefore, have been to him of extreme importance; still an apparently easy conversation ensued, which passed first into French, and subsequently into Turkish from his interpreter, chiefly relating to the various little incidents of newspaper intelligence that had come to pass. 'Amongst other things,' said Mr. Waghorn, 'tell his Highness I read in a book lately, that himself, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington, were born in the same day.' The Pacha received the intelligence with a slight inclination, and replied by some indifferent question. We were now disturbed by the entry of some message that took the Pacha's attention, and in a little while, at the request of the interpreter, who informed him that several friends of Mr. Waghorn were remaining outside the palace, very desirous of the honour of an interview, he graciously asked them all to enter. The whole party were accordingly introduced in due form, and his Highness retired to his corner where he receives all strangers. The conversation turned chiefly upon a few points of comparison between his own dominions and those of the Sultan; of the extreme civility of all his officers to Europeans; of the great safety of travelling under the protection of his name. When this last observation was made to him, he replied, 'Some years ago, one of your countrymen, *un grand milord*, expressed to me a wish to visit the pyramids; I was obliged to send with him an escort of 300 soldiers, well mounted; now ladies may, if they please, go up alone.' Throughout the whole interview his replies were in general of the short, sententious, and apothegmatic form, that one would imagine suitable in the mouth of a dignified eastern sovereign; and we could not but feel the charm of a simplicity and dignity upon which it was impossible to intrude, and which was apparently maintained without so much as the consciousness of an effort. We took our leave exceedingly gratified at thus having seen and spoken with a man whose name is stamped upon the history of his times as having done more to bring the manners, customs, and religion of the East in contact with the West than any eastern potentate before him. He has been often described, and it might seem a mere repetition to add my own impression; still accounts of him are so widely different, that there is room for an additional one, where so little opportunity of judging has existed in the short glimpse that a passing interview affords. I think it must be impossible not to be struck with his masterly composure of manner, voice, look, gesture, and eye; and I would even hope that one who has gone through scenes of such tortuous and precarious adventure, and has acted a part in

them of which history must judge—and let it be remarked, that we understand next to nothing of the principles pre-existing in the field of eastern ambition—has had time to make amends for the act of his early career, by wielding his acquired power with something of the firmness and impartial justice which is the only real glory of either sovereign or subject. The character of Mahomed Ali is a mixed one. It becomes those who have been indebted to him for countenance and protection to say any thing in detraction of his private character; they need not on that account be supposed to extenuate the cruel acts through which he waded to his power, or justify a rebellion against his lawful master; they are not called upon to judge; and I, for my own part, can never forget the debt I owe personally to one whose *firman* ensured me civility and hospitality wherever I went, without, however, implying the smallest approbation of the course which enabled him to bestow it; but more of him by and-by."

A MISSIONARY SCHOOL AT CAIRO.

"As we had now spent several Sundays in Cairo, and had seen the children who attend the mission schools at the Sunday services, we had naturally a great wish to see the school; and on going there were received by the Rev. Mr. Krüse, the missionary, with his usual kindness. The premises contain, besides other buildings, two ample and well-populated school-rooms. The details of the system seemed all very complete, and the young Arabs very clean, rosy faced, well-behaved, intelligent children; and I could not help envying the beautiful Arabic handwriting which many of them were able to exhibit; not a few of them could read and spell English very well, and seemed to bid fair soon to become amphibious in European and Eastern life. Mr. Krüse now informed us that many of the children were Mahometans, and that several of those whom we had observed among the singers on the Sunday service were so too. We were conducted over the whole establishment; and certainly, if this kind of process be the true method of converting the heathen, nothing can be more complete than these schools; because it is very seldom in Europe, except in the very highest schools, that the grammar of more than one language is taught; but here the pupils are well instructed in two languages, and possess many other proficiencies, besides being capital arithmeticians and excellent scribes."

THE SULTAN AND HIS SUITE.

"Constantinople is an engaging subject, and I fear if I do not check myself, I shall run on into the descriptive extravagances I have made bold to condemn; and yet I must be permitted to plead for a few other little incidents before we quit this wonderful city, this paradox of dirt and beauty, filth and splendour, renovation and ruin."

"The first shall be the visit of the young Sultan to a mosque on the banks of the Bosphorus, the second Friday (the 12th) of the month of September, 1839. The mosque lay in a little village, whose name I forget, about three miles from Pera; a lovely spot enveloped in the richest foliage of trees, from the midst of which rose its well-formed dome, surrounded by four lovely minarets. Certainly the Turkish architects have well understood what is fascinating to the heart and eye. If ever I were converted to Mahometanism, I think it would be the minaret which would work my conversion; for there is something in its form, rising erect from the earth, its pure virgin whiteness, its tapering crown, pointing to heaven with so much simple and yet emblematic dignity, it is scarcely possible to resist it. We were on the spot some little time before the Sultan came, and it was at first a little uncertain whether he would come by land or water; but in a short time the distant plash of many oars, and a large gaudy boat, its gilt sides glittering in the sun, proclaimed that the young monarch was pleased to come by water. The pulling of his state barge was perfection; and, as the boat came ashore, out stepped the young monarch and walked towards the mosque slowly, a carpet being laid for him, as in Clytemnestra's reception of Agamemnon. We saw him to better advantage as he came out from the mosque, and went to spend a few hours in an adjoining kiosk; but, in the meantime, I listened to hear any sounds of the service that might transpire. It appeared to consist of reading in some part of the Koran; some singing not very dissimilar to English village church singing, and a sermon. Whether there is any form of liturgy, no one whom I could ask would or could tell me. In rather more than an hour the young prince came out, and a more sickly, pale, inanimate, and unmanly youth I think I never saw. How different is the notion which has obtained in Europe. But what else can be expected from the immature life the heir to the throne is compelled to lead, shut up among the female slaves of the palace until the death of his predecessor lets the enervated wild beast loose upon practical life? This is a Turkish royal education. Perhaps some person may say, 'Oh, for a national school for the Turkish princes.'"

"No sooner was the young Sultan safe from our view, than the officers of his suite came in for their share of the criticism. I wish I could venture to de-

scribe them; but I dare not, for fear of being summoned to answer a charge of high treason, for making light of the magnificence of the Sublime Porte. It was the custom in Paris a short time ago, and perhaps it still continues, to aim at being Oriental, by wearing beards and almost shorn heads. As if, therefore, so liberal a concession towards Eastern habits, on the part of one civilized European capital, would have been ungenerously dealt with, except some return had been made in kind, the Turks must needs show their gratitude, the officers by wearing European coats, the Sultan himself by a European military cloak, and his soldiers by short jackets, with pauldrons that still exhibit behind a sort of lingering uncured attachment to the ancient plenitude of that garment. The officers were a strange medley, with semi-European, semi-Turkish uniforms, European buttons, and close by them the bright silver crescent. A few years more of mutual concession, and we shall find green turbans and curly beards upon French shoulders, *salons* turned into divans; and in return, waltzes and quadrilles, smooth chins and better tailors, in the streets and houses of Istanbul."

DEFENCE OF THE PIPE.

"And now for a word in defence of what may seem to English ears entering with violence into customs, which, to say the least, have no patriarchal authority—a pipe is the key-stone and corner-stone of eastern life. But do not suppose it to have any kindred with the pipe of Germany. In Germany a stranger is liable to be stifled by a pipe in the interior of an ellwagen, or he may be lost in a supper room, like a fisherman in a fog, or may be unable to recognize a friend when he shakes hands with him, as if in a cavern; and the natural exclamation is, 'Oh, this nasty smoking.' But in the East, without the chibook, there would be neither friendship nor affection. If two brothers meet after an absence of years, the first words are to order pipes; it is then time to inquire after each other's health. I met in Constantinople, accidentally, some young Turks who had come with me down the Danube, and had been studying the German language in Berlin: 'Ach, wie geht's?' said I, on meeting; on which a venerable old man, with a silver beard, observing that we were acquainted, cried out 'Chibook!' i. e., bring pipes. The pipe enters into friendships, advice, bargains, discourse, meditations; it is the Arab's *vade-mecum*, his companion, his adviser, and comforter—he is never without it, and a pipe and a cup of coffee is almost all he requires to make him happy. A European, therefore, must learn to like a pipe, if he goes into the East; and, indeed, there is an aptitude in the air and climate, which renders it nothing more than a transitory habit, the passing penalty of a wandering curiosity."

Diary of Travels and Adventures in Upper India, &c. By C. J. C. DAVIDSON, Esq., late Lieut. Col. of Engineers, Bengal. London, 1843. Colburn.

THIS work comes into the world under an inauspicious planet. Even before its birth it was made the subject of an unpleasant dispute in a police office between the author and the publisher, the former seeking to recover his manuscript from the latter, but unsuccessfully. Nor are we surprised that Mr. Davidson, when he saw himself in print, should have felt some misgivings about his enterprise, and sought, even at the eleventh hour, to avoid the critical tribunal to which he had too hastily submitted himself. If the scene at the police office was not one of Mr. Colburn's ingenious puffs, of which we entertain some suspicion, it was no unfitting introduction to the work of Mr. Davidson, which is written very much in the manner of police reports, as if the author's reading had been directed for the most part to the columns of the newspaper devoted to the dramatic scenes enacted at these petty courts of justice. He indulges in the most stupid jokes, the dullest wit, the tamest humour; when he should be most serious he often makes a convulsive effort to be comical. Now this is in very bad taste, and mars the interest which a sober narrative of the adventures of a traveller in Upper India could not fail to excite, however unartistically told. Clumsy writing would readily be forgiven, for we read books of this class for their facts, not for their style; but buffoonery out of place is so provoking, that it is with difficulty we can refrain from throwing down the volume in a passion, and concluding our notice of it with this brief commentary.

But, inasmuch as it contains some matter that will amuse, we pursue the unpleasant task of perusal, and throw together a few passages which will illustrate all the remarks we have made upon the work. There is bad taste in the following description of

CONVICTS IN BRITISH INDIA.

"Passing another village, I saw a native gentleman hanging in chains. His head, owing no doubt to the inclemency of the rainy season, was separated from his body; his mouth was wide open, and displayed a very fine set of teeth; but his beard, which had been full, elegant, and as jet black as that of any Rampore Pathan, seemed considerably dishevelled. His dhotee had been plaited with singular attention and success. This unfortunate gentleman was the leader of a gallant party of guerillas, who attacked and secured a treasure belonging to the Honourable Company; and for this petty crime was he hung in chains! 'Who steals my purse steals trash!' If he had only murdered a few score of men and women, burnt a few villages, and ravished infants, he would most probably have received a comfortable pension, under the disguise of prison maintenance, and been sent to a sadder or principal station, nominally to work on the roads for life. But there he would have been in the best society perhaps in India, and his labour might be performed for half the money allowed for his daily subsistence. He would have been in fact, not in the King's Bench, but in the Company's Bench. If he should be sick, there was a European physician and a native doctor to attend him, in a spacious and airy hospital. Was he low spirited, he could, for a trifling present, send to the bazaar, and enjoy a nauch from the hour the judge went to sleep till day-break next morning. Did he wish to form new plans of robbery, or mature those unfortunately disturbed by his capture; he could for a few pice bribe the head burkundauze who took him out for his daily airing, and he would be left alone to concoct, digest, assimilate. Nay, under proper management, he might be gratified with the society of his wife and family.

"A gaol bird can easily be distinguished after the first six months by his superior bodily condition. On his head may be seen either a kinkhab or embroidered cap, or one of English flowered muslin, enriched with a border of gold or silver lace. Gros de Naples is coming into fashion, but slowly. On his back is a blanket (if he chooses to carry it out of prison), which is renewed annually; and he has in his hands a handsome set of brass plates and dishes, or a curiously carved hooka bottom, if on good terms with the ruling powers. See him at work; the burkundauze is smoking his chillum, while he and his friends are sound asleep, *sub tegmine fagi*! All of a sudden there is an alarm—the judge is coming—up they all start, and work like devils for ten or fifteen seconds, and then again to their repose. This is working in chains on the roads! In fact, after a man is once used to the comforts of an Indian prison there is no keeping him out."

There is spirit in his picture of

THE NAUCH GIRLS.

"In the evening I walked in the crowded streets of Hurdwar, and in many places; before the houses of rich Bramins, saw groups of Nauch girls in full performance, adorned with the usual ornaments of their profession—viz., nose-rings, ear-rings, pearls, long black shining hair, and jessamine flowers. I wished to notice them unseen, but such was the polite attention of their surrounding native admirers that it was utterly impossible, as the moment they saw me the circle was immediately opened, and I was compelled to receive the pointed attentions of the young ladies, who advanced in line of battle. These attentions are to me, and all other really modest men, the most indescribably unpleasant that can be conceived, as the eyes of every native spectator are turned with the most scrutinizing gaze to observe the effect of the artillery, from the changes on the countenances exposed. Mystery of mysteries! why the wonderful beauty of some women? surely ordinary beauty is sufficiently destructive. For what special uses are these dreadfully lovely creatures created?—creatures that you are actually afraid to look at—creatures that you cannot see without sighs and blessings—creatures that you would walk a thousand miles barefoot to see, if they were only of marble.

"Shut up the book, my love," says mamma, "and bring me my spectacles, that I may see how he winds up his extraordinary digression."

"On perceiving my disinclination to be made the lion of the party, a young Bramin very ingeniously did 'his little possible' to assist my views of seclusion, by placing his chudder or sheet between me and the dancers; believing probably that their splendid beauty was too radiant for the modest retiring Feringee! I retreated up a narrow staircase, and looked down upon one of the best sets. From their appearance and dress, I imagined that they were women from the Punjab, and I determined to ascertain their country, by asking a Seik who sat next to me. He said that they were Seiks, and besides, all Bramins! I was very much surprised at this, but conceived that they most probably belonged to some of the idols in the neighbourhood. The man added, that they got pice from the natives, but from rich gentlemen like me they always got silver; and so, said he, these boys get sometimes ten rupees for a night's dancing. 'What!' said I, 'are these boys?' 'Jee Sahib! yes, Sir, they are mundanah and not zenanah!'

"The delusion was most complete. Their long, black, shining hair was ornamented with rows of mock pearl and mogree flowers; and they had all the jewels and ornamental dresses and decorations of professional women of thirteen or fourteen years of age; so that I am confident that there are but few men who would not have persisted in their mistake even after explanation. They are attached to several temples on the ghats, and are called Rasdarees."

Our author gives an unfavourable description of British justice as administered in India. He says that the natives generally prefer their own judges to ours; and no wonder, if the depressing effects of climate upon intellect be such as he asserts. We suspect there is more truth than our country-folk will be inclined to admit in this commentary on

JUDGES IN INDIA.

"The people of England (to whom be instruction on Indian matters!) have an idea that the English rule the country of Hindostan. What deplorable ignorance! This does very well for parliamentary reports or country gentlemen, but the natives know better. They permit us, it is true, to supply them with governors-general, because they are generally harmless, but they very carefully keep the governance of all towns, villages, and their dependencies in their own hands. At Dhampore, for instance, who rules?—the kotwal, whose salary is perhaps fifty rupees a month at the outside, or the tiger-shooting lads at Moradabad? Who rules in the hundreds of large towns which have no resident magistrates or assistants? And pray who rules (I ask old Indians)—who rules in 99 out of 100 in those which have? Well do I know that there are hundreds of able, upright, and independent civilians, who labour day and night in attempting to do justice, and these, when pressed, will unhesitatingly acknowledge that it is impossible. Many weak men find the case so hopeless, that they allow matters to proceed *au naturel*—that is, they do nothing at all! But the majority, especially the most clever and sensible, wisely submit to be governed by their native officers, and really they are in general very mild, and kind, and considerate to them! 'If we can't row,' say they, 'let us steer.'

"There is nothing—let me say in justification of these men—there is nothing that so quickly destroys a man, by destroying the stomach, liver, and principal viscera, as hard study, and foolish anxiety concerning unattainable objects. Pent up, as many just men are, in a steaming hot cutcherry for many hours a day, surrounded by those whom they very justly abhor, as perjured liars, abettors, or even accessories to murders and felonies, cringing, to a most loathsome degree, with what spirit can they enter into intricate judicial investigations of cases, 999 out of 1,000 of which are settled long before they appear before the judge? The native officers, it must be acknowledged, are at least as well acquainted with the laws as the judges are, and therefore they know and make ready the description of evidence required, either for the acquittal or conviction of the culprit—as he has or has not paid. What can the judge do or say? He can get no other evidence. Perhaps he sees the whole case clearly; but what does that signify? It may vex and irritate him, but will that change the evidence on record, by which alone he must be guided? So he quietly confirms the decree of his officers."

The journey to the Himalayas is the best written portion of the book, but it was not recently performed, and we have later descriptions from other travellers. Altogether, it is not a work worth wasting the money of a book club in the order of it.

SCIENCE.

Journal of the Electrical Society. Published quarterly.

THE papers read before this society are collected and circulated among the members and the public in a periodical form. The numbers already published contain a variety of essays of great interest, by Mr. Clark, Mr. Snow Harris, Mr. Andrew Crosse, and other gentlemen who have devoted themselves to the science of electricity. We can heartily recommend it to all amateurs, as abounding in valuable information. We notice it now rather for the purpose of introducing to the notice of our readers a graphic sketch of Mr. Crosse and his residence, for which we are indebted to the pen of a gentleman intimately connected with the *LAW TIMES*, and which will, we hope, prove not altogether without interest to the subscribers to *THE CRITIC*:—

ANDREW CROSSE, THE ELECTRICIAN.
(By EDWARD WILLIAM COX, Esq., of the Western Circuit, Barrister-at-Law.)

"If, when you come to the village of Kingston, about three miles and a half from Taunton, you turn upon your right into a dark and narrow lane, you will soon find yourself climbing with toil a difficult and

very steep hill; the road is rough, and the hedges meeting overhead give it an aspect of profoundest gloom. But by day, in the summer time, it is deliciously cool and shady, and a very wilderness of wild flowers—the fox-glove, the woodbine, the dog-rose, the ragged-robin, decorate the banks and make the hedges fragrant. By night, for many times have we dared the descent when the outline of the hand could not be traced if held before the eyes, this lane is enlivened by the songs of many nightingales, and the glow-worms light up their love-torches on every green slope. Having conquered this hill, a turn of the road on your left conducts you to a park adorned with fine beeches, on one side of which you behold a sheet of water, with a shrubbery in the back ground, whose very aspect invites you to trespass in it. All this you see as you walk under boughs that overshadow the road; and if you are a stranger to the place and its owner, you will wonder what can be the meaning of the mast-like poles fixed at the tops of the very loftiest of the trees, by which a line (so it appears) is carried round the park till it is lost in the shrubbery. A little further onward and you see a small village green, with a very old tree in the centre, surrounded by a few cottages; before you the road winds about the shoulder of a steep, amid a bit of gorse brake; the breeze blows upon you from the distant Channel, which you smell, though you cannot see it from that spot, and you have the light buoyant feeling of being upon a high hill.

"But what mean the shrubbery and the fish-pond—what the park and the park like trees? You look round you and can discover no mansion to assort with them. Halt there. Do you not observe a carriage-road winding through a gate and beneath some of the finest beeches you ever beheld? Enter—it is a hospitable gate. And now, what appears?

"There is a mansion, oddly roosted in a hollow under the ridge of the high ground you are treading, just as if the soil on which it had been built had suddenly sunk on some fine morning, for it is difficult to believe that an architect could have placed it there purposely. It is a plain building on the outside, but it contains that within which passeth show.

"Step boldly over the mossy lawn; you will scarcely disturb the rabbits that are feeding and sporting there in conscious security; they will flit away for a moment, perhaps, as you pass, but only up to the borders of the sheltering bushes, not into them: they know that the circle of that homestead is sacred ground, whose hospitality is never violated. Now pause, and let the eye dwell for a while upon the portion of the park that there first meets it—a valley, with undulating hills crowned with plantations.

"Knock fearlessly at the door; the votaries of science are always welcome there. Your name? your station? your calling? your property? Trouble not yourself about any of these things, nor hope thus to commend yourself to the inmates. You are a MAN, you have a MIND, you venerate SCIENCE, even if you know little of it; these are your passports into that mansion.

"Are you a stranger? You will not long be so.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

In ten minutes you feel as if you had been acquainted with your kind and generous host for twenty years. Have you walked thither? he sets before you a profuse luncheon and his choicest cider. Such cider!—bright, sparkling, luscious! The gods would have preferred it to their nectar, especially if they had toiled up that steep hill on a hot summer day.

"Your generous entertainer attracts you to gaze as much as you politely may. Probably you have seen his portrait in the Polytechnic Institution, and you recognise the likeness.

"He is now in his velvet jacket, his laboratory costume; his frame is made for activity; light, but muscular, having not an ounce of superfluous fat, with a trifling stoop at the shoulders; his face, too, is thin and long, with a fine forehead, grey eyes, bushy brows, a well-shaped nose, and a pointed chin. Its expression is highly intellectual, with an air of seeming melancholy, which is in fact one of thought; but a lengthened gaze discovers in it a lurking propensity for fun which continually peeps out at the corners of his eyes and in the curl of his lips. His hair is brown, partially silvered by age, which is betrayed only there, for his gait and countenance have all the liveliness and energy of youth; his step is springy, his voice cheerful, his aspect that of one who enjoys good health and its attendant good spirits. Such, dimly outlined we must confess, is the personal appearance of ANDREW CROSSE.

"Had you never before heard that name, or if you had not known that you were about to visit one who had distinguished himself in the pursuits of science, you would then discover, if you have the eye of an observer, that you are in the company of a man of genius; that you are conversing with one who has thought for himself and refused to subject his mind to the chains of authority, and to bow before the dicta of schools. And if you be not yourself a narrow-thoughted bigot, who would level all intellect to your own pack-horse condition, moving only in the path and at the pace prescribed by others, you will

the more admire him for this. Talent may be, and oft-times is, mere cleverness; but genius is originality. The multitude can understand their own habitual ideas and prejudices put into plausible and pleasant form by talent, while creative genius, producing new forms, and venturing into strange paths, is incomprehensible to them and ridiculed, or runs counter to their prejudices and is hated: the multitude, therefore, have at all times and in all countries praised and rewarded talent, which they can understand, and despised or persecuted genius, which they cannot appreciate. But they who aspire to be better than the multitude, to have larger thoughts and stronger reason, more keen perceptions, fewer prejudices and less of bigotry to be inflamed by the light of truth thrown upon it from the torch of Genius, will acknowledge its worth, and give it the pre-eminence and respect that are its due. They know that whatever the world enjoys or is to possess of philosophy, of science, of the master-pieces of literature and the arts, has been and will be the production of original Genius, daring to depart from travelled ways.

"The presence of this genius you discover in Andrew Crosse, before you have conversed with him a quarter of an hour. The talk of most men, even of those who are reputed wise or witty, is merely a repetition of that which you have heard in substance, if not in form, from other men fifty times before, and read as often. But Mr. Crosse's talk is his own. You may differ from his opinions, you may question his accuracy, you may contest his arguments, you may smile sometimes at views that may seem to you visionary and wild, because they are different from your habitual trains of thinking, and therefore startle you; but you cannot complain that they are commonplace; they are not echoes of the voices of others, not gems in a new setting, stolen from books old or new. Fools may deride them as being strange; wise men know their worth; fools have laughed before, when the better taught have struck the hill side, asserting that rich ore was hidden in the stones the fools had called rubbish, and scarcely have they ceased their gibes when they have beheld the metal elaborated and glittering in their hands.

"Every man has his hobby; the saying is an old one, but it means nothing more than this, that every mind has some preponderating taste which governs its pursuits, and the gratification of which engrosses the largest share of its attention. Happy it is when that hobby is not only a harmless one, but ennoble the rider, and brings with it blessings to mankind. Mr. Crosse's hobby is the science of electricity; to that he has directed the studious reflection and the industrious labours of a life. No branch of science is unknown to him, but electricity has been his especial pursuit; and if he has not spun so many pretty theories about it as other philosophers, he has advanced the practical, experimental investigation of it much further than ever it was carried before. As this is the theme on which his thoughts most dwell, it is that of which his mind is the most full. Touch that chord, and see how he will discourse! You have heard of *improvisatori*, who speak an extempore poem upon any topic named to them (though we suspect it is rather rhyme and metre than poetry); you may have read in romances of love-sick young gentlemen and ladies rambling in the wet grass, and spouting their sorrows to the moon in verses made on the moment, and you must have imagined how, in both of these sorts of poets, during the hour of their inspiration, a spectator may have beheld the form erect, the air rapt and abstract, the eye 'in a fine phrenzy rolling;' but what you would suppose these poetasters to be when talking measured nonsense, you will find Mr. Crosse to be when he tells you the wonders of his favourite science; of its mysterious agencies in the natural phenomena of the heavens above, of the earth beneath, and of the waters under the earth; how it rules alike the motions of the planets and the arrangement of atoms; how it broods in the air, rides on the mist, travels with the light, wanders through space, attracts in the aurora, terrifies in the thunder-storm, rules the growth of plants, and shapes all substances, from the fragile crystals of ice to the diamond, which it makes by toil continued for ages in the womb of this our globe. As he describes to you all these wonders, not imaginations of a dreamer but realities, which he has himself seen, and proved, by producing, by the same agent and the same process, only in a lesser degree, the same results, he looks as inspired as the personages above described strive and affect to look; his face is lighted up; his eyes are fixed upon the ceiling; present things seem to have disappeared from him, lost in the greater vividness of the ideas which his full mind throngs before him; he pours out his words in an unfeeling stream, but, though he has a command of epithets, he finds language inadequate to express his conceptions of the might of that mysterious element which, though so very mighty that it could annihilate a world as easily as it lifts a feather, he has summoned from its throne, compelled into his presence, guided with his hand, and made to do his bidding!—thus surpassing the fabled feats of the enchanters of old.

"Before you visit the hall where this mighty power

is at work night and day, obedient to his command, and daily shewing itself in some new shape (a very Proteus), yet unable to escape from the potent spell of the magician by whom it is compelled, you would like to stroll with your distinguished host into the plantations and gardens. Step through the window into the lawn, and follow him.

"But, beware!—you are no longer in the company of a sage philosopher, but of a man (we might almost say of a boy) full of fun and frolic, and laugh and joke! That roguish twinkle of the eye and half-suppressed curl of the lip betoken mischief. Look at him!—there is not a trace of the student in his manner or in his talk. Can this be he whom we heard but two minutes since discoursing, with the rapture almost of inspiration, of the mysteries of science? He is as merry now as a child at play. What a glorious laugh—a real, honest, hearty laugh—not a stifled titter, as if he were ashamed to be natural. What a step and jump, as though age had been worsted in wrestling with him, and had succeeded only in frosting his hair with its breath in the struggle!

"It is an almost universal notion that wise men must be grave, and a philosopher is always associated in our thoughts with a solemn phiz, a staid demeanour, eyes that cannot twinkle, a mouth never wreathed with smiles, a chest never convulsed with laughter;—as a jestless, dull, phlegmatic mortal, who deems fun a sin, and votes frolic a degradation. But this is a very great mistake indeed, as all who have read the biographies of dead philosophers, and all who have the pleasure of knowing any living ones, will testify. Milton, himself a philosopher, and who knew as well as any man what are the glorious fruits of true wisdom, says in his melodious tongue—

'How charming is divine philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

In truth, philosophers are the merriest of mankind; cheerfulness is the characteristic of the tribe; out of their books, they are the pleasantest, liveliest, funniest fellows in the world. By some law of association, which we cannot presume to unravel, but which metaphysicians have termed the association of opposites, the minds that are engaged in the profoundest studies seek relief by sinking into the most frivolous amusements. 'Dulce est desipere in loco.' The bow most strained requires to be most bent in a contrary direction to make it straight again. Nature preserves a balance in the mind as well as in the body; she endows with a love of fun those whom she has gifted with her loftiest powers, that they may be better able to endure the excitement that attends the exercise of the latter by their unconstrained indulgence of the former. We do not know an exception to this rule. Philosophy and fun will always be found near neighbours, like harlequin and pantaloons in a pantomime; and it is wonderful to see what slender wit in his companion will make philosophy almost split his sides with laughter.

"It is your false philosopher, your would-be sage, your fellow of 'shams,' as Carlyle terms them, who cannot afford to be unwise. Shakspeare (we can't help repeating him, for he comes so pat to the tongue) has exactly hit off this grim-visaged, bilious-hued, purple-mouthed mockery of a philosopher:—

'There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say—'I am Sir Oracle;
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.'
Oh! my Antonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are accounted wise
For saying nothing!'

"Reader, henceforth, when you meet a man of whose pretensions to philosophy you have doubt, try whether he can play the fool! If he cannot, or will not, on a fit occasion, when out of his books, you may set him down as a 'sham!'

"Not such is Andrew Crosse, as you will find ere you have walked with him in his grounds for five minutes. What buoyancy of spirits! what light, cheerful, pleasant talk about field sports, country rambles, rifle-shots, planting, pruning, farming, trees, flowers! He will lead you a pretty dance when once he has got you fairly under his guidance, his bright eye all the while twinkling merry malice,

'Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire.'

He will shew you banks where wild strawberries ripen, in such multitudes, and so large and richly flavoured, that you may feast as in a garden, and you are startled by the whirr of a pheasant rising from between your very feet, and almost making you roll down the slope in your sudden fright; you will visit his well-stocked and well-trained gardens, and, if you please, pass an hour at the fish-ponds, with certainty of something better than a nibble, for the perch there are abundant and greedy, and you are sure of

sport; or taking your gun, or his, for you are heartily welcome to any thing he can supply, you may walk round the park and shoot the rabbits as they run from their feeding places to their holes, and soon bag as many as you can conveniently carry. And if you are a good shot you may venture a small wager with your host which shall bag the most from an equal number of shots; but be warned by us, and let the bet be a small one, for he is a capital shot, and the chances are against you.

"Nor will this walk be without profit to your mind as well as to your body. You will not only have breathed fresh, pure air, and healthily used your limbs, though at the expense of a hole or two in your fine town-made coat, but you will have gathered a vast deal of information from your companion, who is intimately versed in all rural subjects. It is the prerogative of *intellect* to find in every thing, however humble or common, food for meditation, and a theme for intelligent discourse. Whatever attracts your attention is sure to elicit from Mr. Crosse some instructive remark, and it is worthy of note that his remarks are almost entirely the result, not of his reading, but of his observation. He is not a book-worm; he is essentially an observer; he is not stored with the ideas of other men, but he is rich in ideas of his own. Like all who have looked closely into nature, he is a humble-minded man; you discover it in every thing he says and does. He thinks humbly of himself, of man, and of man's works, because he has been daily compelled to feel how very little is our real knowledge, how contemptible are our race and its doings, compared with creation and its works; he has learned practically, what others say by rote, but do not acknowledge in their inmost hearts, or at least do not therefore abate one jot of their pride and self-conceit, that what we pompously call knowledge is, indeed, 'but a mole-hill removed from the mountain of our ignorance.' He has learned, moreover, how little is truly known of that which we believe we know; he has seen how craft working upon credulity has overlaid the little real knowledge man has accumulated in the course of centuries with fancies and superstitions that have been repeated till they have become articles of belief; he has discovered how large a portion of the current coin of learning, which even scholars boast of as real wealth, is, in fact, base metal, that will not endure the test of reason and experiment, and so, instead of being proud of what he has done, Andrew Crosse is humbled by it. He has learned by years of study the last, most difficult of all lessons, *not to know*. He rates himself much lower than any other person rates him—a rare phenomenon! nor is this humility of mind assumed; he has not a spark of affectation; the conviction is in him, and it shews itself.

"Mr. Crosse is in station and by birth one of the aristocracy. His family is ancient and honourable; they were, as he is, country 'squires and magistrates. But he has none of that pride of station which too often mars the virtues of his class. He has dwelt so long amid the sublimities of science that he has learned how infinitely petty and ridiculous are the artificial distinctions which the personal vanity of small minds has created, as the only means of making ignorance and folly respectable. Mr. Crosse, therefore, has no pride of caste; he can recognize no distinctions but those which Nature has herself imposed,—the differences of virtue and intelligence: he rates honesty and ability in a cottage above vice and ignorance in a palace; and hence it is that we told you, gentle stranger, when you knocked at his door, not to trouble yourself about your title, station, or wealth, but only what sort of a MAN you are.

"You proceed now into the penetralia of the mansion—the grand object of your pilgrimage, the hall of science, your host marshalling you to the scene of his labours, not with an air of importance, as one who is proud of his achievements, but with as much easy indifference as if he were going to shew you a flower he had trained, or a pig he had fattened. Nay, never did we see an album keeper, a bird-stuffer, a collector of coins, shells, or even of autographs, conduct a visitor to his stores without a self-gratulating smirk, and an air of pride, which not even the affected humility of language and tone could conceal; but Mr. Crosse readily accedes to your request, and neither spurring your impatience by hints that betray his own, nor putting on 'that reluctant amorous delay,' common to collectors and singers as well as women, conducts you to the place where so many wonders are at work, where so many secrets of nature have been revealed, and in which so many more secrets are in course of being dragged into day.

"You enter a room some sixty feet long, and two or three and twenty in breadth (we write by guess and memory), lofty, with an arched ceiling, and which, we believe, originally built to be a music room. At the further end of it there still is an organ loft, with an instrument of considerable power, on which Mr. Crosse plays with skill. Indeed, a taste for music seems to have been a characteristic of the family. The organ there was, we presume, erected by an ancestor of the present owner, for his brother, who lives a few miles distant, and who is, like himself, a philosopher, though his studies have turned rather upon the me-

ta, physical than upon the physical sciences, is a profound and accomplished musician, for which he is doubtless indebted to a taste fostered and cultivated in early life, by the daily opportunities for practice afforded by this instrument. But the organ and its gallery attract your eyes for an instant only. Your attention is drawn to the huge electrical machine near you, the enormous coated jars on the table, and the countless batteries that are at work day and night without rest, extending from one end of the room to the other, whilst the walls are covered with cases, through the glass doors of which you discover electrical apparatus and mineral substances, while here and there are suspended sheets of paper, in the centre of which are marbled shadings of metallic brilliancy, and of diverse hues;—they are the metal wires struck into the substance of the paper, when deflagrated by the electric spark.

"Now, walk slowly round and inspect minutely all you see. Do not fear to ask your host the meaning of any thing you cannot understand; he will readily tell you all he knows about it; he is not of those who desire to make a mystery of science, and who, when a simple question is asked them, either answer in a language of technicalities you cannot possibly understand, or shake their heads and with the peculiar wise look that means 'I could an' I would,' tell you, it is a great secret to be secured by a patent, or only to be obtained by waiting through the same difficulties they have themselves overcome. Mr. Crosse scorns such *charlatannerie*, indeed, he bears special hatred towards humbug of all kinds:—he sees no use in discoveries if they are not made known to the world, and that humble mind of his leading him to set but small value on the very little progress even he has made in tracing the laws of nature, he frankly, and as clearly as the learned can explain to the unlearned, tells you the object and uses of that which you are viewing, and how you may construct the like apparatus, and work the same experiments under your own eye; for his single ambition is the advancement of science, not the glorification of himself. Rare virtue!

"And what wonderful things you will see. Understand us;—they will not be things in their aspect beautiful or monstrous, mere amusements for the sensual eye; if you expect that, you will assuredly go away disappointed. A great many rows of gallipots and jars, with some bits of metal in them, strung together by other bits of metal, and wires passing from them into saucers containing some dirty-looking liquids, in which, with much attention, you may espy a few crystals, are not in themselves very attractive objects, and if ever you have made an alum basket, you will perhaps think that you have made much larger and handsomer crystals in one night than Mr. Crosse has made in two or three years. But look at them with the mind's eye, with an inquisitive understanding, and with ears open to gather the *how* and the *why* of what you behold, and you will turn away with an amazement almost approaching to awe. Let us detail a few by way of specimen.

"Electricity, you know, is Mr. Crosse's especial study. The electrical fluid, whatever it be, and of its essence we know nothing; and of its nature little, has long been believed to pervade the planet on which we dwell, and every thing in and on it; it is probable that it fills all creation. That an agent so universal and so powerful, capable of annihilating a world and of lifting a feather, must perform very important offices in nature, was never questioned, and experimental philosophers have, from its first discovery, directed their efforts to trace, if possible, its workings in the production of that order of things we see around us. They had invented a variety of machines for accumulating this fluid, and thus had succeeded in discovering many strange effects of its power when increased in intensity. But their efforts were always paralysed by their inability to keep up a constant supply of it, and so to see the effects of its long continuance, as they had done of its powerful action. The batteries soon lost their productive power, and so they were not able to trace the agency of electricity in the manner in which it is chiefly employed by Nature, who uses it in her mighty manufactory as a power unceasing, invisible, but ever working without rest or pause, and whose presence is discoverable only in its effects.

"It was the invention of a battery by which the stream of the electric fluid could be maintained without flagging, not for hours only, but for days, weeks, months, years, that was the foundation of Mr. Crosse's most remarkable discoveries. He found that, with a battery made in a particular form, common water was sufficient to keep up a strong current of the electric fluid, and, as such a battery was indestructible, here was the very power that philosophers had been so long looking for. Mr. Crosse has since made a vast number of improvements in the construction of his batteries, all tending to economy of material, of labour, and of space to be occupied. These improvements evince the utmost sagacity, and are really inventions of his own, stolen from no other man, like many inventions, and borrowed from no hints thrown out by those who can suggest but cannot perform, like yet more discoveries. This, however, you would never learn from Mr. Crosse himself, so we venture to apprise you of it.

"These jars, gallipots, and bits of metal, then, that lie *en masse* before you, are the water batteries, that day and night, summer and winter, are sending through the wires that pass from them an incessant stream of the electric fluid;—(we call it a *fluid* to disguise our ignorance of its real nature; we don't know what it is—therefore let not the reader suppose it to be a fluid in the ordinary sense of the term, or any thing like it). Touch those wires, and try its power. You will feel a slight shock, just enough to make your arms jump; but this is incessant, and in that lies its value, for you may have felt many a stronger shock.

"Now, look at this saucer. The wires from the poles of the battery are fixed about an inch apart, upon a bit of scouring brick, which lies in a muddy sort of liquid. 'Well, what of this? I see nothing extraordinary here.'

"Bend your stiff back, man, and look closely into it; don't be afraid, the battery will not blow you up. Now what see you?"

"Use my pocket microscope," says Mr. Crosse, proffering a powerful one.

"You look again; and lo! the stone all between and about the wire is covered with beautiful crystals, small, but as perfect, as bright, as ever were dug from the mine. One of these mine crystals your host takes from the shelf, and you recognise in the tiny sparklers upon the stone that lies in the muddy liquid before you the identical substance with the mineral.

"That large crystal in your hand is a great deal more interesting to look at, and more beautiful in itself, than the little ones on the stone; you could buy as splendid ones at any curiosity shop for a shilling; yet Mr. Crosse has won the gratitude and applause of all lovers of nature, and immortalized his name, by making those mites of crystals, of the same sort as your shilling purchase, and you have walked five miles in a hot day to see him and them. You certainly do feel a little disappointed; you look so. Now listen, and learn wherein the wonder lies.

"That mineral in your hand was dug from the bowels of the earth, or rather from that which we call its bowels, but which is in truth scarcely its integument or first skin. Look at it; see how the particles of which it is composed have arranged themselves in certain definite shapes—its surfaces inclined at regular angles. Why has it taken this shape rather than any other; why is it not a rough irregular mass; why is one of the crystals precisely the same shape as the others; and why are all crystals of the same mineral, wherever found, whether in the old world or in the new, and whatever weight of earth was upon them, exactly shaped like the one you hold in your hand? By what universal agent has this wonder been worked? How has Nature accomplished this seeming impossibility? You may guess. Philosophers have supposed many ways, but they have not proved them. Mr. Crosse has discovered this secret of Nature, and he makes in his hall every day the very minerals that Nature is silently making in the depths of the earth; he does it by an incessant stream of the electric fluid long continued; it is thus plainly proved that electricity is the agent by which Nature works the wonders revealed by mineralogy; that an incessant stream of the fluid is passing through the solid globe, and moulding the materials of which its huge bulk is composed. Multiply the power on Mr. Crosse's table, and the time he has had it under his control, and you account for the formation of all the minerals, the marbles, the gems, that are hidden under the vegetable soil of the earth we tread upon, and of which we absurdly call ourselves the masters—we, poor slaves of this very earth—of time—of accident—of our neighbours—and, more pitiful still, of ourselves!

"Crystals of all kinds, many of them never made before by human skill, are in progress in the various saucers you see around you; some are as large as the top of your thumb, others require a microscope to be seen, others again are complete, and you may see them shining on the shelves. Where so much has been done, in a space so small and in a time so short, there is no calculating what might be done with multiplied batteries, working incessantly for many years.

"You will look about you eagerly for the insects of which you have heard so much, and the history of which has been so grossly misrepresented by those creatures who bay dog-like at the luminary by which their petty lamps are out-shone. The facts of the case are simply these. In the course of the experiments we have described, Mr. Crosse found certain insects between the poles of the battery, who died when removed. The insects were examined and found to be different from any known species. Some of them were sent to the most eminent naturalists in Europe, who pronounced them to be of a kind hitherto undescribed. Mr. Crosse offered no opinion, indulged in no theory, hazarded no speculation as to their origin; he merely stated the fact, that they were produced under certain strange circumstances, where no other known life could have existed. But the malicious chose to assume that Mr. Crosse wished to be thought the creator of these strange insects, and that he attributed to his battery the power of producing animal life, and thence the wonted epithets, with which the great have been assailed by the small from the beginning of the world, were showered upon him with-

out mercy. The fact itself, however, stands unimpeached; the explanation Mr. Crosse has never ventured upon, nor does he pretend to account for it. He confesses it to be a mystery that deserves examination, and, with his usual modesty, he throws the naked fact before the world, hoping that other minds may test it and trace it to its causes.

"But you are startled by the smart crackling sound that attends the passage of the electrical spark; you heard, also, the rumbling of distant thunder. You go to the window. While you have been amused and instructed within, without, the sky, so bright and blue but now, is loaded in the west with masses of leaden-coloured clouds, among which the forked lightning plays at intervals. The rain is already plashing in great drops against the glass, and the sound of the passing sparks continues to startle your ear. Your host is in high glee, for a battery of electricity is about to come within his reach, a thousandfold more powerful than all those in the room strung together. You follow his hasty steps to the organ loft, and curiously approach the spot whence the noise proceeds that has attracted your notice. You see at the window a huge brass conductor, with a discharging rod near it passing into the floor, and from the one knob to the other sparks are leaping with increasing rapidity and noise—rap—rap—bang, bang, bang. You are afraid to approach near this terrible engine, and well you may, for every spark that passes would kill an army at one blow, annihilate all the inhabitants of the county of Somerset, if they were linked together hand in hand, and that spark sent through the circle. Almost trembling, you note that from this conductor wires pass off without the window into the air, and upon the instrument itself is inscribed, in large letters, the warning words—

NOLI ME TANGERE.

"Nevertheless your host does not fear. He approaches as boldly as if the flowing stream of fire were a harmless spark from a machine which could, at most, tickle the fingers if it touched them. Armed with his insulated rod, he plays with the mighty power, compared with which all the artillery in the world is as a pop-gun to a twenty-pounder; he directs it where he will; he sends it into his batteries; having charged them thus, he shews you how wire is melted—dissipated in a moment by its passage; how hard metals, silver, and gold, and tin, are inflamed and burn like paper, only with most brilliant hues. He shews you a mimic aurora and a falling star, and so proves to you the cause of those beautiful phenomena, and then he tells you that the wires you had noticed as passing from tree to tree around the park were connected with the conductor before you—that they collected the electricity of the atmosphere as it floated by, and brought it into the room in the shape of the sparks you had witnessed with such awe and dread. And then, perhaps, he will shew you that the electricity lies in a thunder cloud in zones, alternately positive and negative, and he will add that he is able at all times thus to measure the electrical state of the atmosphere, and he will tell you many curious facts which he has consequently observed relative to that state at various periods of the day and night, and at the different seasons of the year.

"It would occupy a volume to relate to you all that you will see and learn in the course of your visit, that is, if you have an observant eye and a reflective mind; and probably you will also acquire a keen appetite for your dinner by the time you have completed your survey. You go again to the window. The storm has passed by; the rooks are returning with clamorous caw to their homes in the huge trees on your right. The rabbits are running about within a yard of you, and, at sight of your face peering through the glass, only stop in their sport and look up at you with an eye that seems to say 'Who cares for you?' The blackbird is singing on a shrub in the lawn, and the long shadows are lying lazily on the wet cool grass.

"If you have no love for Nature, Mr. Crosse has, and he will be pretty sure to make you feel the charm of the evening, though you had been before unconscious of it. He talks of the country and of country sights and sounds in the language of poetry, and you begin to suspect that he is not only a philosopher, but a poet.

"And so he is. And he is a poet, too, of very considerable merit. His thoughts are vivid, his command of language is extraordinary, and he composes with singular rapidity. Whilst walking, he can construct a poem in his mind, commit it to his memory, and write it or repeat it on his return home. Many of his compositions have been published in the periodicals. All are remarkable for their energy, many for their humour; and he is especially fond of themes that have liberty for their burden.

"And as you talk with him in the rambling fashion of after dinner chat, flying from theme to theme, and gleanings something new and instructive from all, you will probably (for how can thinking minds avoid it?) touch upon the lofty topic of religion:

'Of reason and foreknowledge, will and fate.'

"You will then discover that Mr. Crosse is, like almost all philosophers, a profoundly religious man: and yet he has not escaped the old slander which has assailed all men of science, imputing to them atheism and infidelity. An atheist, indeed! Look at him! Hear him! His every look and tone and word show his sense of a present Deity: veneration of his Creator's greatness, love of His goodness, reliance upon His providence are habitual with him.

"But while you have been thus pleasantly and instructively engaged in discourse, the sun has set, even the summer twilight has vanished, and the stars alone are out to light you on your way. Unwillingly you depart, your generous host attending you a mile or two on the road. You enter again that steep lane. It is dark as Erebus, for the intertwining boughs above you shut out even the starlight. But the nightingales are singing with all their might: the glow-worms gem the hedge-rows on either side, and you descend with slow and cautious steps, still deep in talk with your companion. At length the time for parting comes; you bid him good night, and wish him health and happiness with your whole soul, again and again repeating it; you foot it lightly along the turnpike road, enjoying the cool night air, and thinking over what you have heard and seen; you discover more of interest in the sky, and in the stars, and in the trees dimly outlined against them—and in the solid earth you tread, than ever you had recognized before; your mind has been expanded and refined, your heart has been softened, your good principles have been strengthened, your prejudices have been shaken, if not overthrown, your notions of the Creator and his works have been enlarged, your passions have been calmed, the shadows which social follies and vices had cast upon your natural feelings and temper have been melted away, and you are altogether a wiser, better, nobler being—more of a MAN—for this your day spent with ANDREW CROSSE.

The Application of Geology to Agriculture. By NICHOLAS WHITLEY. London. Longman and Co.

THAT agriculture in this country is far in the rear of science has been so universally admitted by landowners, from the Prime Minister downwards, that it needs no proof: we hope that agriculture is bestirring herself to overtake her sister. If she does not, it will not be the consequence of a lack of guides, for since the subject has engaged public attention, the press has teemed with treatises on the application of science to agriculture; and if the demand of such books has been nearly equal to the supply, the country will have cause to congratulate itself on increased wealth, consequent upon the agitation which has produced results so advantageous.

One of the best of these practical works which has fallen under our notice is Mr. Whitley's *Treatise on the Application of Geology to Agriculture*. It is written in easy, untechnical language, and its teachings are perfectly intelligible to the most uneducated farmer. Moreover, the author does not indulge in mere theory and speculation. Whatever he describes is practical, and within the means of every agriculturist to adopt. He tells the farmer what are the properties of the various soils, and their powers of production and cultivation; how they may be recognized, how tested, how improved, and this in the tone of an intelligent friend, and not with the air of a schoolmaster. We can recommend this book to all who want information on the important subject to which it is devoted.

EDUCATION.

Penmanship, Theoretical and Practical, illustrated and explained. By B. F. FOSTER. London, 1843. Souter and Law.

A SHORT time since, we had occasion to notice, with warm commendation, a treatise on Book-keeping by the author of the little volume upon our table. Remembering the practical good sense with which he handled that subject, we anticipated in the present one a valuable addition to the teacher's library. Nor are we disappointed.

Mr. Foster proceeds to his work in a very business-like way. He first describes the positions of the body best adapted for writing, the manner of holding the pen, and the movements of the fingers, hand, and arm; and not content with merely verbal instructions, he places them beyond doubt by woodcuts, that shew the slovenly and unhealthy positions as compared with the ease and grace of that which he recommends. The attitude of the hand

is exhibited in like manner. Then he resolves the forms of letters into their elements, shewing by analysis the very few and simple shapes of which they are composed. He advises that, in the first instance, a slate and pencil only should be used by the child, until he attains a clear and distinct idea of the forms and proportions of the letters, and for this reason, that it is desirable to confine his attention to one thing at a time, and, therefore, that he should not be distracted by being taught at once to hold the pen and to form the letters.

Mr. Foster then proceeds to detail the few rules that relate to the mode of combining letters, and thence to the formation of capitals.

In the second chapter he treats of the preparatory course which should be pursued, and he recommends that copies should be drawn on a large black board placed in full view of the class, and then the pupil should be required to imitate them as well as he can upon his slate, and this portion of the business he divides into six lessons, in which he adopts a natural system, proceeding from the most simple to the most complicated. Very minute instructions, illustrated by specimens, are given to the teacher for the regulation of his teachings.

Mr. Foster is no advocate of royal roads to knowledge; he does not pretend to shew how writing may be taught in six lessons. He says, that it is of necessity a slow process, because the muscles have to be educated as well as the mind, and however quick may be the latter in learning, the former can only be perfected by practice. "Let the child," says our author, "be kept one, two, or even three months at the practice of what is usually termed 'pot-hooks and hangers,' till he can hold his pen rightly;" this once perfectly acquired, all the rest will follow without difficulty.

He tells us, with admirable good sense, that it is not enough to set a copy before the pupil, and let him write his own way. The teacher who wishes to be successful must exercise a continual superintendence, for "it is easier to teach three pupils who began properly, than to correct the confirmed bad habits of one."

To current handwriting, he adds, "three qualities are essential—legibility, elegance and expedition. All these a master can impart. The difference between an elegant and a cramped or slovenly penman is occasioned simply by this, that the former uses the hand and arm as much and as readily as the fingers, while the latter bears the weight of his arm upon the wrist, and uses the two last fingers as a fixed prop. To avoid this, he recommends an early mastery of the movements of the hand and arm. For the details of his advice, we refer the reader to the volume, which will be found, by those who desire to educate themselves and to instruct others, one of the most useful, because most practical, they could employ.

Rhoda; or, the Excellence of Charity. By the Author of "The Cottage on the Common." London. Grant and Griffiths.

THERE is a character in this little book which we much approve. The authoress has not endeavoured to reach the capacities of children by the ordinary process of making a fool of herself and treating them as fools; she talks to them in simple and unaffected language, but with elegance, and even with dignity, and in a story of considerable interest she has very well carried out the design described in her preface, which was to render the practice of charity, in its most enlarged sense, attractive to young readers, to impress on their minds the beautiful character of this virtue, and to induce them to consider it, as it really is, the brightest ornament of a Christian.

Glimpses of Nature, or Objects of Interest described, in a Visit to the Isle of Wight. By Mrs. LOUDON. London. Grant and Griffiths.

IT is pleasant to see a lady who has obtained so extensive a reputation as the authoress of "*The Mummy*," and who has since written so many instructive books for "children of a larger growth," condescending to the composition of works adapted to the capacities of the little inhabitants of the nursery and school-room. Here we have a delightful proof how interesting knowledge may be made if judiciously conveyed. Under colour of the visit of a family to the Isle of Wight, she introduces some of the most striking facts of natural history, and shews the young mind how much amusement is to be gathered from an ordinary walk, if the eyes be

properly used, and a judicious parent or teacher takes advantage of the curiosity, which is a characteristic of childhood, to convey useful knowledge. But this pre-supposes that those who have the charge of children possess such knowledge, which, unhappily, they do not always, and such would be benefited by reading Mrs. Loudon's volume.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Theory of a new System of increasing and limiting Issues of Money. London, 1844. O. Richards.

THE very name of Currency in a book produces a feeling of aversion to the page on which it appears. The subject is so mystical, and opinions upon it are so contradictory—so few principles are positively settled, and so few facts admitted, that the only conclusion we are inclined to come to is, that there is nothing to be concluded—that, like the quadrature of the circle and the perpetual motion, it is a problem which will for ever continue to perplex brains whose vanity leads them to suppose that they can make clear that which to all the world beside is cloud and confusion.

The author of this pamphlet has not advanced a step further than the ten thousand authors who have preceded him in the same path towards the object so anxiously to be desired. His theory will, we fear, but add another to the pile in the huge chamber of the Limbo of Vanities allotted to those cobwebs of the brain. It is ingenious, certainly; but it is ingenuity wasted.

Every new currency doctor who makes his appearance but satisfies us the more that in currency, as in all other branches of commercial legislation, the golden rule is that of "*Laissez faire*." Leave things to follow their natural course, and they will presently take the best order. Each day's experience ought to satisfy us that there is no such efficient President of the Board of Trade as self-interest. His calculations of profit and loss will lead every man to the best market, and regulate his purchases as prudence dictates; and the prosperity of the state consists in the prosperity of its individual members. The attempt to guide by anticipation the movements of so complicated an affair as commerce is a folly which, but for the sad experience of every page of history, we should have supposed that no statesman would have been mad enough to attempt. Its lamentable results are now so apparent in the difficulties experienced in a return to a healthy state of things, that we have little fear that any Parliament will lend itself to the creation of new fetters in any form: but that, on the contrary, the labour of many years to come will be directed to the striking off of those which still impede it.

And currency is a branch of commerce, and should be regulated upon precisely the same principles as any other. Whatever medium of exchange is best adapted for the wants of commerce will be most certainly obtained by leaving to commerce the supply of its own necessities. The same combination of self-interests, which so regulates the supply of food to this huge metropolis that there is never a deficiency and rarely a surplus, would, we believe, determine in like manner the amount of currency, if legislators would but trust more to the natural operations of society, and less to their own conceit.

Hence it is that we look with no friendly eyes upon such meddling schemers as the author of the pamphlet before us. Undoubtedly he is an able man, and tells some truths, and exhibits great ingenuity; but he is only by so much the more dangerous, for he will serve to strengthen the belief that it is possible to benefit trade by legislation—a notion which every man who has influence over any portion of his fellow-men ought by all the means in his power to discourage.

We had hoped to be enabled to state, in few words, the substance of the theory broached in this pamphlet; but we are unable to do so, because we cannot distinctly gather it. There is a sad want of method in the composition of the work. Facts and arguments, objections to the present system and suggestions of improvements, are jumbled together in the strangest fashion, and there is not that which ought to accompany every argumentative essay—a summary, at the close, of the principles deduced, and the plans proposed for working them out. The reader, in the present case, is left to eviscerate these as best he may, and a very impracticable task we have found it. If we understand him rightly, the

second chapter is that in which the theory is developed. He maintains that which all will admit, namely, that the currency of a country ought to be regulated in amount by its wants. But how is this to be effected? We say, as we regulate the supply of food to London, by leaving it to competition directed by self-interest. Our author is for the interference of government. He would make the population returns the basis of a sort of sliding-scale of money-value, and he would throw in such ingredients as corn-averages, and even the prices of other commodities. To collect and arrange this information, he calls for a *public board of statistics*—nay, a board for each of England, Scotland, and Ireland!! The Mint is then to be authorized to proportion its issues of money according to the state of things apparent from the investigations of these boards; the Mint is not to issue gold and silver, but paper, for the value of which the government is to be responsible, and all other paper-money is to be prohibited.

This we take to be the framework of the scheme, which has been elaborated with great patience and perseverance, and no small ability, in the pamphlet upon our table. It has some plausibility, and, if any interference with commerce in this particular be right, we really think that the manner of such interference suggested by our author is better than any we have seen. But we protest against all attempts of the kind, and ask only to be let alone. When that system has been tried and failed, it will be time enough to resort to legislative regulations.

FICTION.

The Young Student. By MADAME GUIZOT. London, 1843. Bogue.

WE have before us a work by Madame Guizot, which, in consequence of its popularity in France, has been translated into English, and seems likely to realise the expectations which have been formed of its ultimate success. In our opinion, much more has been said of it than either its defects or merits justify. It contains nothing brilliant, nothing powerful, but, perhaps, in a work expressly designed for the young, these qualifications are less demanded than honesty of purpose and a general attractiveness of style. Moreover, it is evident that simplicity of design has not been studied in the arrangement of the plot; its great error consists in its superfluity of incident; facts and events are heaped one upon the other in most perplexing multiplicity, and much ingenuity is lavished in bringing about a catastrophe which might have been produced with half the labour. This state of confusion must inevitably weaken, if not destroy, much of the interest it would otherwise excite. We must confess, also, that the object, or rather moral, of the book is not quite clear to us. If Madame Guizot meant to condemn the conduct of her hero, Ralph, in clandestinely leaving his academy, bidding farewell alike to school regulations and paternal authority, and spending some weeks in roaming about the country, she has not, in our opinion, made choice of the most judicious mode of illustrating her ideas. On the contrary, she causes this little excursion to be productive of the utmost benefit to him in various ways, moral and intellectual; so that the impression we should have entertained of sorrow for the boy's fault is wholly destroyed by our gratification upon witnessing its effects; consequently the author's desire of encouraging obedience and submission to the higher powers can be but indirectly obtained. Neither do we perceive much evidence of discrimination of character; a certain power of analyzing feelings there is, indeed, but nothing more. Victor, her amiable hero (for there are two, at times in contrast, in the end harmonious), is clearly drawn from some idea of perfection in the writer's mind, and she certainly succeeds in making him conscientious and self-denying. Ralph, the truant, is by no means so immaculate, and the difference in their characters is intended to be the more striking, since both are, at times, placed in nearly similar circumstances. Their histories are blended together, often in narrative, occasionally in action. We give a passage from Victor's escape from the officers of justice, where with difficulty he avoided being disgraced for life.

"He had not slept very long before he was awakened by a cool wind which blew upon him. He looked around, and saw the window open, the policemen fast asleep, and the prisoners gone. He has-

tened to the window, and perceived, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, a rope which hung before it, which reached apparently down to the river. It was the cord attached to a block fixed over the door of a loft above the room, and was used to hoist up trusses of hay, which were brought to the inn by the boats. One of the smugglers, who was the servant's cousin, had found means to make her understand that she must assist them in escaping through the window, and she thought the rope above-mentioned would be of use to them. They had taken advantage of it, and the second smuggler had just descended when Victor came to the window, as he perceived by the motion of the rope.

"What would he have given at that moment to have had his arms at liberty! In his despair he rubbed his fetters against the edge of the window, hoping thus to break them; but how much time would be required before he could succeed! and supposing the noise were to awake the policemen! He thought he heard them begin to draw up the rope: he put himself as far out of the window as his fettered arms permitted, and said in a low voice, 'One moment more for pity's sake!' The rope was stopped, but this was no avail to Victor, who looked around him in a state of feverish anguish. One of the policemen now made a movement in his sleep, and Victor thinking himself lost, was ready to cast himself into the river. An idea now suddenly occurred to him. He ran to the lamp which was still burning on the table, near where the policemen were sleeping; he held his arm over the flame where the chief knot was that bound him. The flame seized the knot, but soon extended to his coat, which, however, it could not gain upon because it was made of woollen cloth. It did not prevent Victor's arm from being reached, but steeling himself against the pain he felt, he anxiously watched the progress of the fire on the cord, and only turned away his eyes to look at his keepers, whom he feared the smoke would awaken. At length, the first knot gave way, and after a few efforts, he freed himself from the others. He threw the burning cord into the river, and seizing the rope which waited for him at the window, he let himself down to the bottom of the house, from whence he perceived it draw up to the loft, as soon as he had let go of it.

"The waters, which were already retiring, began to discover that part of the high road which adjoined the house. Victor paused, his heart palpitating with joy and apprehension. He looked about him, and did not dare to move before he was sure he was not perceived. At length, neither seeing nor hearing any thing, he ventured to proceed along the wall, and after walking a little way from the house, he began to run with all his might for some distance. Then moderating his pace to recover his breath, he deliberated on the part he ought to take. The most adventurous, and the best in some respects, was, to try to cross the river by swimming; for it was still so strong and rapid, that it was not at all likely he would be suspected of having attempted it, and that probably the search for him would be commenced on the side on which he then was, which would afford him the more time to get the start. The night, no longer so dark, permitted him to see a white stone on the opposite side, which pointed out the place towards which he ought to direct himself. The attempt was perilous, but the danger was nothing to Victor in comparison with what he dreaded; he therefore soon decided upon it. He took off his coat, which embarrassed him, and lest it should point out the place where he had crossed over, he determined to throw it into the river. On emptying his pockets, in order to fill them with stones, that it might sink to the bottom, he found the bread and wine which Margaret had put there. Victor had eaten nothing the whole day, and though he was pressed for time, yet feeling he should require all his strength, he hastily swallowed a few mouthfuls of bread and a large draught of wine. He then folded up his coat and threw it a little way into the river; afterwards kneeling down, he commended himself with heartfelt confidence and gratitude to that Providence which seemed to favour his repentance, and plunged into the river.

"Although an excellent swimmer, yet he had much difficulty in gaining the other side. At length, however, he reached it, and on the white stone which had served him as a land-mark, he thanked heaven a second time, and vowed to devote his life to labour and to virtue; after which he began his march, sustained by hope."

We will extract another scene, in which he exercises his energies in saving a friend from a set of unprincipled men, with whom he had become entangled, which, perhaps, is a better specimen of the author's general capabilities.

"He quickened his pace in order to join them, when he saw them enter a house, brilliantly illuminated, and in which there appeared to be a number of persons. Victor suspected it was a gaming house; and the information he received from the neighbours confirmed his apprehensions. 'Young man,' said a tradesman who was sitting smoking at his door, 'it is a house into which none ought to enter who have a character and a reputation to lose.' Victor sighed

at the thought of Frederick being there, and determined to follow him.

"He entered the house. It was a kind of coffee-house, where all might come that pleased. There were several parties playing, some low, others high. It was some time before he discovered Frederick; at length he saw him behind a billiard table, where the stakes were very heavy. Spalberg and Spielman were with him, and near them a man whom Victor immediately recognized—it was Collet. He seemed one of the inferior agents of this infamous house, and appeared very familiar with Spielman. Victor saw at one glance all that threatened him; he was aware that the secret of his name and his fault would be exposed to people whose interest it was to speak against him, and that if he advanced only a few steps, he would endanger his repose, his honour, and even his means of subsistence. Collet had not yet seen him, he might still retire; but he felt that he could not retreat thus cowardly, and abandon Frederick to the dangers which seemed impending over him. The conscientious feelings and the noble motives that actuated him, placed him for a moment above the feeling even of his fault. Doubtless, the greatest effort which a man of courage can make is to expose himself voluntarily to merited disgrace. Victor felt this, and regarding with a firm eye the dreadful duty, he advanced towards Frederick, who had just then been induced to bet upon a very important stroke of the cue.

"'Rosenbach,' said he, clapping him on the shoulder, and in a tone of slight reproach, 'I am more expert in finding you than you are exact in waiting for me.'

"Frederick started and coloured; he recollected his thoughtlessness, and the trouble which Victor had taken to find him made it the more inexcusable.

"'My dear Burkheim,' said he, pressing his hand, 'with how much have I to reproach myself!' But the cue deeply engaged his attention, and he followed it with his eyes. Meanwhile, Collet, who had recognized Victor, hearing his name, greeted him with a somewhat ironical smile, saying to him, 'Have I the honour to speak to Mr. Burkheim?'

"'Do you know him?' asked Spielman.

"'I believe so,' said Collet, feigning uncertainty with respect to him, 'my sight may deceive me.' Then approaching Victor as if to see him better, he said to him in a way that no one could hear but himself, 'Tell me what I shall say?'

"'Whatever you please,' said Victor, coolly.

"Meanwhile, his arrival had caused a sensation in Spalberg's company, who called Collet to them; and after a few minutes' conference, the latter returned to Victor, and said to him in a very low tone, 'Mr. Victor, do not meddle with our affairs, and no one shall know any thing of yours.'

"'I repeat it,' said Victor, 'do what ever you like.'

"The words which Collet had just uttered left Victor no longer in doubt as to the plans they were pursuing with regard to Frederick. He saw that he was growing warm, and about to engage in the game. The first bet had been trifling, they had doubled it, and Frederick had just lost a considerable sum. 'Rosenbach,' said Victor, before he had time to propose another, 'you must this moment give me a great proof of your friendship; come along with me.'

"They soon reached an adjoining promenade, where they sat down upon a bench, and Victor resuming the conversation said—

"'In order to understand what I have to say to you, Rosenbach, you must begin by knowing me. You neither know my true name, nor my real country. I am a Frenchman; as to my name it is of little importance. It was only obscure; but I have dishonoured it by a fault which I cannot take upon myself to state to you. I have abandoned my country and my name, determined never to resume it, unless I can render it honourable by my conduct.' After uttering these words, as if they were something very painful, Victor made a short pause. 'My dear Burkheim,' said Frederick, affected, and pressing his hand, 'how much I pity you!' Victor gratefully returned this sign of friendship, and continued, 'I will now state what I had to say to you, and the reason for doing so, without delay.' He then related to Frederick his meeting with Collet, and the proposal of the latter, which was an undoubted proof of the projects they had formed.

"'These are the men,' continued Victor, 'from whom I wished to remove you. A moment later, and by dishonouring me in your eyes, they might have divested you of all confidence in my words; my advice respecting them would then only have appeared odious recrimination. I seized the only moment in which I could still confide to you the merit of the sacrifice I have made. It is real, Rosenbach, it is great; for I might have avoided it. I do not pretend to more than your friendship as a recompense.'

"'Ah,' said Frederick, with animation, 'I owe it you more than ever!'

"'Friendship is not the price of services, it is the result of esteem; if my confessions have made me lose yours, I will not complain.'

"'Burkheim, Burkheim!' exclaimed Frederick, throwing himself into his arms, almost with tears in his eyes, 'are you capable of believing it?'"

"'No, I am not,' said Victor, affected, 'I will not believe it; but what you owe, not to my friendship, nor to yours, but to the sacrifice I have made, is to believe me, and to think that I have not been guided in my decision by chimerical or groundless fears; in short, it is not to render fruitless the evil I have done to myself.'"

There is so little in Ralph's career which can excite individual interest, that we have some difficulty in turning to a passage well adapted for extracting; however, we select the following:—

"Ralph remembered having been in a burying-ground at his grandmother's funeral; and a pious impulse made him bend the knee in so solemn a situation. The moon shone upon the cemetery; black crosses were scattered here and there over the pale soil. Motionless as death, and excluding the thought of life, they gave to Ralph an idea of repose, which was not without its pleasure. He thought he heard a voice, and shuddered, but observed it was some one weeping, and looking round on all sides, he perceived at some distance two persons, a man and a woman, kneeling upon a tomb which bore no cross: touched with pity for the mourners, he nevertheless felt a kind of pleasure in meeting with human beings, apparently under the influence of religious and moral feelings. Ralph had only a short time ceased to reside amongst those whose habits were correct, and he already felt a longing after similar manifestations. Wishing to wait for Abel in a place where he could not be seen, he advanced, favoured by the shadow made by the hedge, towards a little monument, behind which he concealed himself. He was then very near the two afflicted people, and could hear what they said, although the shadow of the monument, and the position in which they were, prevented him from seeing them. Of the two, the man seemed to be the most troubled; his voice struck Ralph, though its natural tone was altered by excess of grief; it seemed to him to sound like Abel's, so that he drew nearer to look at him, but the woman hid him entirely. 'Gracious God,' said the man, sobbing, 'had I only known it this morning!' 'You knew it three weeks ago,' replied the other, which seemed to be that of a young woman, and the tone of which had in it something both tender and severe; 'it is precisely three weeks ago that you ought to have known that you gave your father his deathblow.' 'O Maria, do not overwhelm me!' At the name of Maria, and the manner in which it was pronounced, Ralph had no longer any doubt. 'O God!' resumed Abel, with a mournful tone, 'could I have supposed that I had so little time left me!' 'The Lord knows it well, who said, 'let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' Have you let the sun go down upon your father's wrath?' 'Maria, it is enough, quite enough. O what I would now give for a single day, a minute, a single moment, in which my father might pardon and bless me!' 'He did not curse you,' replied Maria, feebly and sorrowfully. 'He did not curse me!' repeated the young man, still more mournfully. 'He could not do so in my presence, for I should have said to him, I am here in his stead to expiate his fault by my attention, that the evil he has done may not weigh too heavily on your head and his; I am here to bear all that happens to him, you cannot curse him.' 'O Maria,' replied Abel, profoundly affected; 'and yet he did not bless me, he has not pardoned me.' 'If you wish it, he blesses and pardons you now,' answered Maria; and Ralph saw by her shadow that she elevated her hands towards heaven. 'But, Maria, what would you have me do?' 'Listen; if your father, who is dead, were expiring before your eyes, if he had not an hour to live, if he said to you, repent before I die, that I may not die without forgiving you, would you answer, what do you wish me to do? or rather,' said she, in a lower and severer tone, 'would you patiently wait for his decease, in order to escape the embarrassment of doing your duty?' At these words Ralph rose up, and involuntarily withdrew. There was to him in this reproach something so bitter, that he could not bear it."

In the end this young gentleman returns to his father's roof, not a little improved by the knowledge of the world he was compelled to acquire, and, through the influence Victor's common sense and strength of mind have upon his self-will, he is induced penitently to submit to the consequences of his misdemeanour. We will say nothing of the improbability of one-half the adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes" scattered throughout the volume, nor of the defective drawing of many of the characters, the father especially, a man hard, cold, selfish, and severe, so much so that it is not altogether surprising the passionate boy should feel some repugnance to his endless strictures, and wish to free himself from them. There are two or three episodes introduced, and, wisely we think, the translator has omitted others; as it is, the work almost degenerates into tediousness.

We must say one word as to the merits of the translation. Many parts of this undertaking bear evidences of haste and want of revision, in fact are almost literal, and, therefore, wanting in that flowing ease and freedom which are so essential to writing of any kind. The authoress herself failed in conversational power, consequently, under any form, the dialogue would be meagre, still it should be English. Coming from Madame Guizot, all know that the tone of mind which pervades the book must be unexceptionable, consequently we can recommend "The Young Student" to the youth of every age and sex, without much doubt that some good will be produced on their hearts.

A Christmas Carol in Prose; being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations, by JOHN LEACH. London, 1843. Chapman and Hall.

ALTHOUGH, with the usual fickleness of fashion, it is just now the rage to decry Dickens, by pronouncing his Chuzzlewit a failure, and his writings vulgar, and whispering "Boz is going down," and such-like drawing-room gossip, we boldly avow that our admiration of his genius has never once been shaken; on the contrary, it has been but the more confirmed by every page of him we read. At some future opportunity we purpose to lay before the readers of THE CRITIC our reasons for the high estimate we have formed of him, and to trace the causes of the reflux of that great and sudden tide of popularity which carried him forward so fast and so far. At this late period of the month we have only leisure to introduce to our readers his last and most seasonable production, published under the quaint title of "*A Christmas Carol.*"

The purpose of this publication is most praiseworthy—it is to encourage the expansion of the impulses of benevolence at this festive time. He divides his Carol into five staves, in the first of which we are introduced to a miser, named Scrooge, who refuses to share either in the charities or the festivities of Christmas. He goes to his wretched home, and is there visited by the ghost of a deceased partner, Jacob Marley, who warns him of his evil courses, summons other spirits from their purgatory, and concludes by promising to send three spirits, who may produce a reformation in his way of life. The second staff introduces us to the first of these friendly and remonstrant spirits, named the *Spirit of Christmas Past*, who recalls to him the early scenes of his life, and the merry Christmases and happy New Years he then enjoyed.

Stave the third introduces us to the second of these visions, the *Spirit of Present Christmas*, and we are treated with such a delightful description of the season, as it is now enjoyed, as only the pen of Dickens could have painted.

In stave the fourth, the *Spirit of Future Christmases* startles the miser with a sketch of the terrors that will await a detested old age and an unblessed death-bed, if he do not repent and restore the Christmas scenes of his earlier and better days. Scrooge awakes in affright from the dream, goes forth, with gentler heart and open hand, scattering blessings and largesses, diffusing and receiving happiness on all sides; makes nephew and niece the objects of his bounty, and improves the condition of his faithful clerk—altogether a wiser and a better man for the visit of the ghost, whose story, thus told by Dickens, cannot fail to serve the cause of charity, and to carry its moral to the bosoms of the many Scrooges of this money-seeking age and money-getting country.

To this short outline of the design of this little volume, whose title has occasioned much perplexity, we will add two passages by way of extract, rather to tempt the reader to procure and peruse every page, than to satisfy curiosity, and, with the compliments of the season, we will leave Mr. Dickens for the present, heartily thanking him for this contribution of a glorious moral lesson in the form of a delightful and attractive allegory.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

"After tea, they had some music; for they were a musical family, and knew what they were about when they sung a glee or catch. I can assure you; especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air (a mere nothing; you might learn to whistle it in two minutes), which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding-school, as he had been reminded by the

Ghost of Christmas Past. When the strain of music sounded, all the things that Ghost had shewn him, came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After awhile they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blind-man's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have made a feint of endeavouring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when at last he caught her; when in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape, then his conduct was most execrable. For his pretending not to know her; his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck, was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blind man being in office, they were so very confidential together behind the curtains."

CHRISTMAS AT FEZZIWIG'S.

"In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some sly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, any how and every how. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old to peep all ways turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, 'Well done!' and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his re-appearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home exhausted, on a shutter; and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up 'Sir Roger de Coverley.' Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had no notion of walking.

"But if they had been twice as many; ah, four times; old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, hold hands with your partner; bow and courtesy; corkscrew; thread the needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig 'cut'—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

"When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop."

The Laurringtons; or, Superior People. By Mrs. TROLLOPE. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

THE mind of Mrs. Trollope is essentially coarse and vulgar—steeped in prejudice, because unreflective—and painfully wanting in the gentle and refined qualities which constitute the charm of her sex. Her popularity as an authoress, strange to say, is the result of those very characteristics that make her odious as a woman—satire proceeding from ill-nature, a keen perception of the faults and follies of her race, combined with utter inability to appreciate their virtues, and a hearty good-will brought to her censorious task. Hence her pictures are caricatures, with enough of resemblance to indicate the originals, and therefore to give to the ill-natured the opportunity of a laugh or sneer at the expense of their neighbours. Moreover, she is one of those unscrupulous personages but too abundant in our literature, who are not ashamed to prostitute their pens to the vilest purposes of the petty passing party politics of the time, and to carry into books that should aim at something more than a momentary life, the despicable squabbles and disgusting misrepresentations which, if ever endurable, should be at least limited to the ephemeral columns of a newspaper.

But let us not act towards her the injustice we have blamed in her. She has merits which tempt the reader who opens her volumes to go through with them, spite of the glaring faults we have noticed. She is evidently sincere; she abhors cant in all its shapes, and exposes it most mercilessly wherever she finds it lurking; she is a good hater; her pictures are coarsely painted, but they are graphic; her characters are no unsubstantial creatures of the fancy, but veritable flesh and blood, with distinct outlines, that print themselves upon the reader's mind, and live and move and have their being, and often come back upon the memory like personages whom in some past time we have seen and known. She fails in this artistic excellence only when she travels out of her sphere; and instead of drawing middle life, with which she is acquainted, takes to limning aristocracy, of which she knows nothing.

In this new novel, "*The Laurringtons*," she has undertaken to satirize a class well known in English society, to which she has given the name of *Superior People*—a conceited, narrow-minded, essentially ignorant race, who seem to suppose that they exalt themselves by disparaging everybody beside. The family of the Laurringtons consists of a mother and four children: the mother, a silly creature, blown about by every breeze; William, the only son, "a proud, conceited, talking spark;" of the three daughters, one is a musical genius, another boasts her learning, the third her beauty, and all without any real foundation for their pretensions. The plot is made out of the endeavours of this disagreeable household to procure good matches and a fortune from a rich aunt; the manner and the issue we leave the reader to investigate for himself during some unengaged winter evening, assuring him that he will glean some amusement, and discover fewer of Mrs. Trollope's besetting sins, in this novel, than in any she has published.

Arabella Stuart, a Romance. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 3 vols. London: 1843. Bentley.

MR. JAMES produces romances by some patent process of his own, for surely no brain could invent nor pen transcribe so rapidly as he works the press. If he finds such headlong speed profitable, we may lament, but we cannot blame him. Books, like razors, are made to sell, and though future fame is a very fine thing wherewithal those who cannot find readers among their contemporaries may endeavour to console themselves, we suspect that there are few of these philosophers who would not prefer a good income and applause they can hear to any amount of possible plaudits over their graves. If the public will read so fast, we do not therefore blame Mr. James for writing so fast. But looking at these ra-

pidly-wrought romances with the eye of a critic, we are bound to say that they exhibit all the faults of haste. The plots are rudely constructed; the style is tediously diffuse; character is slovenly drawn; the dialogues are prosy. Nor could it be otherwise, if the genius of Mr. James were fifty-fold greater than it is. A really good novel cannot be composed *currente calamo*, for condensation of thought is of the essence of all good writing; and as it is not likely that an author's mind will always suggest at the first either the best idea or the best language in which to clothe it, it follows that, to do justice to his theme, he must pause and reflect while in the act of composition. This Mr. James clearly does not do; hence the growing feebleness apparent in his recent productions. We have heard this attempted to be explained by the old fallacy, "He has written himself out." Now we do not believe that a man of true genius ever can write himself out, in the sense in which the expression is used. But he may work too much and too fast, and so dilute his genius, that it becomes scarcely appreciable; and this is often the result of the temptation which besets all popular writers to make as much of their market as possible. Mr. James, like many greater men, has not resisted this temptation, and, like them, he has obtained the ill-repute of writing himself out, when he has, in truth, only written too hastily.

Arabella Stuart is the last of his long line of romances. It exhibits all the faults we have described, though it has likewise, here and there, evidences of his merits which cannot be mistaken. It will scarcely repay perusal, save where there is a vacancy in the list to be sent to the Circulating Library. To busy people, who have leisure to read but few fictions, and who therefore should turn only to the very best, we must say, "Do not waste your time with *Arabella Stuart*."

Whitefriars; or, the Days of Charles the Second. A Novel, in 3 vols. London, 1844. Colburn.

THIS is another romance of great pretension and small performance. Our readers will doubtless be tempted by puff paragraphs in newspapers, scattered among the general news of the time, and coming as if from the applauding pens of editors, to apply to their librarian for it. But let them beware. These paragraphs are but decoys, written in the publisher's office, paid for at advertisement price, and false from the beginning to the end. "*Whitefriars*" is a very stupid fiction. The author wants most of the qualifications of the novelist. His descriptions are vague, shewing an absence of definite conceptions of things in his own mind. His characters are commonplace and nothing more than embodiments of generalities, without any of those individualities which distinguish the men and women of real life. The plot is the best part of it; but, taking it for all in all, we recommend the library-keeper not to throw away his money in ordering, and the reader not to vex himself in *psaw-ing* and *pish-ing* over it.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Songs and Lyrical Poems. By ROBERT STORY. 2nd edit. London. Nickisson.

Love and Literature; being the Reminiscences, Literary Opinions, and fugitive Pieces of a Poet in humble life. By ROBERT STORY. London. Nickisson.

WE confess that we have little regard for the race of uneducated poets, simply because we deem them a very useless race. A man who guides a plough with unsteady hands does yet some service after his kind; the imperfect mechanic can mould coarser forms that can be put to some good service; the tailor who is incompetent to make a coat may succeed in a waistcoat; and the cobbler who aspires to dress boots, and finds that "vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself," may achieve a pair of clods with considerable *éclat*. But the poet who is not master of his craft is altogether useless for all purposes of the art to which he pretends. Not only cannot bad poetry be turned to account, it is an impertinence. Added to a sense of its utter worthlessness, is a feeling of aversion for the pretender, who has so ill measured his own intellect, or yours, as to impose upon himself, or to impose upon you, his vile paste for gems of price. Hence it is, that mediocrity is not permissible in the fine arts, as in the useful arts; and THE CRITIC is never required to take into consideration the circumstances under which

any works of the former class have been produced. Their worth must be intrinsic, or we cannot recognize it. Their single design is to please: if they fail to do that, they fail for all purposes, and are utterly valueless. I love genuine poetry. I treasure a good picture. What does it concern me, save as a matter of curiosity, or perchance as a chapter in the philosophy of the human mind, how, or by whom, it was produced; such knowledge cannot add to or detract from the real worth of the work. In what manner can it reconcile me to bad rhymes, or unsightly drawing, that the artist had not enjoyed the benefits of education? That will not make deformity pleasing, or nonsense interesting. The only answer we can return to one who solicits patronage on such a plea, is that we lament that the petitioner had not been more favoured by fortune, but the merit of his works is not the more or less on that account, and we read a book and gaze at a picture solely to enjoy its own attractions, and not to measure the merit of the author. And here is the distinction between the productions of the useful and those of the fine arts, that we view the former with an eye to the purposes of utility to which it may be applied, and with degrees of approval proportioned to the excellence of the object, the clumsiest coming in for some share of approbation, whereas with the latter there is a standard, and a lofty one, which they must attain before they can be endured, much less commended, by good taste.

We have thus prefaced our notice of the volumes named at the beginning of this article, because they are the first productions of the race of Uneducated Poets which have been submitted to the judgment of THE CRITIC, and we take this early opportunity to indicate the principle that will guide us in the examination of the books coming from that prolific source. A cordial welcome will be given to all that bear upon them the stamp of genius: but, if that be wanting, we can shew to them no mercy, merely in consideration of the depressing circumstances under which they were produced. That is a question for the mental philosopher, not for the critic: we sit in judgment only upon the book, not upon its author.

The title-page of the second of the volumes now under review informs us that it contains the reminiscences of the writer, and it is from these, rather than from any thing that could be detected in the writing, that we place Mr. Robert Story in the class of uneducated poets. He tells us in small capitals that he is a "poet in humble life," and he proceeds to lay before his readers some recollections of his early years. For instance, here is an anecdote of

MY FIRST LOVE.

"When I was about ten years old, I lived with my parents at Heaton, a village on the banks of the Till. There was in that place a little girl, whose Christian name was Jessy. Her image is at this moment as bright on my mind as the exquisite original was then to my eye, though I never saw her after my twelfth year. She was all that our Scotts, our Byrons, or our Moores, have ever imagined of the loveliness of childhood. I singled her out from her companions—my little heart became attached to her. In all our infantile sports I contrived to have her for a partner. Whether we gathered cowslips in the glen, or chased butterflies by the river side, or played at 'boggle about the stacks,' beneath the bright moon of autumn—whatever we did, and wherever we went, Jessy and I were always together. A sort of game which we used to call *Questions and Commands* was a great favourite with me. I shall never forget the sensation that thrilled through every nerve of my body, when, with trembling exultation, I obeyed the order which authorized me to snatch a kiss from her little vermilion lip! You smile at the warmth of my expression, but I assure you it does bare justice to the sensation. I cannot so well vouch for the regard she had to me, but I had reason to believe it was equally strong, and equally tender; and it might have been equally permanent, but for a rather ludicrous incident, the relation of which you must make an effort to excuse.

"There was a horse-pond at a little distance from my father's cottage, and we had a washing-tub, which I fancied might be a very good substitute for a boat to carry me on its surface. With a broomstick for a paddle, I launched my uncouth bark on the watery element, while all the children of the village stood watching my performance. I was still in shallow water, and within half a yard of the shore—my weight still keeping my vessel afloat—when my project appeared so feasible to the bystanders, that I was assailed with petitions from both sexes for admittance. As confident as any of them in the practicability of my scheme, and thinking that a companion might be of use in assisting me to balance, I very readily assented; but was perplexed how to choose among so great a number of candidates. At last I saw some-

thing in the look of my little favourite, which I interpreted into a wish to share in the glory of my experiment; and getting as near the edge as possible, I asked her to step in, which she accomplished with the grace and celerity of a fairy. We had no sooner got into a depth of water sufficient to float us, than our boat began to rock with unmanageable violence, to the alarm and confusion of ourselves, and the amusement of the spectators, who burst into a full chorus of laughter. I still persevered, however, maintaining the equipoise tolerably well, when my foot unluckily slipping, I fell back on the edge of the tub, which threw the balance so much, and with so sudden a jerk, in my favour, that my partner was precipitated against me, and in one moment more we were both plunged into the water! Though the pond was not in any part above two feet deep, we got a complete drenching. I can truly say, however, that I felt infinitely more chagrined on her account than my own. I supported her to the side, whence she set off, dripping and crying, but more terrified than hurt, to her parents. I never could conceive myself greatly to blame in this affair; yet I lost my *first love* by it. She had been so laughed at, and vexed, and my conduct had been represented to her in so bad a light, that when we next met to play in the stack-garth, she refused to be taken by me; and I recollect my feelings on the occasion were as bitter, as they could have been ten years afterwards, if one of my full-grown favourites had refused me her hand in the dance."

Soon after this adventure he became a fiddler, hiring himself to one Doddy, whom he attended in his vagrancies among the farm-houses and villages, of which occupation he gives the following account.

"As we rode along, Doddy explained to me the object of his rounds, and the extent of the services I was expected to perform. It was a custom, and a laudable one too, he assured me, with every farmer in the Merse or in Roxburghshire to give a *cap of grain*, or sixpence, to such of his *profession* as *chanced* (so he worded it) to call at his place during seed-time. The only return expected for this benevolence was a few tunes played to the domestics, if the occupier was of the genteeler class, or, if the contrary, to the household promiscuously. And I was particularly requested to observe the total want of affinity between his independent calling and that of *begging*, a word which I had unluckily made use of. He asked for nothing, he said, and paid for what he got, as did any travelling gentleman. My services were easily summed up. I was enjoined, in the first place, to look after the horse; in the second, to look after myself; never to refuse meat when set before me, or half-pence when they were offered. And he would bet all the hair of his fiddle-stick, he said, that I should get such a flesh-coat on my back, as would make my mother dance a jig-step to see me again."

His sketch of the manner in which a night was spent at one of these mansions is a curious trait of manners now almost extinct. He describes a farmer's hall at Lordinglaw.

"A long deal table, delicately scoured, and furnished with the kind of supper mentioned by my little conductress, bestrode the kitchen floor. Two capacious dishes, placed at the proper distance from the centre, were filled with rich milk, each of them having a small wooden *divider*, which veered about on the surface, like a boat at anchor in the midst of a lake. Around this table were arranged master and mistress, servant lads and servant lasses, and two or three strangers (including Doddy) whom hospitality had made guests for the night. Every one was accommodated with a portion of the sweets served up in a wooden vessel, denominated a *bicker*; and no sooner had the good man of Lordinglaw finished the grace, than it was seen that poorness of appetite, and inexperience at managing the spoon, were by no means attributes of the party. In a few minutes the sound indicating the progress of mastication was exchanged for the hollow rattle which announced the collision of wood with wood; and the little boats, to recur to my simile, were fairly aground at the bottom of their respective dishes.

"The party then adjourned to the fireside, and the call for music became general. The dance commenced in all its glee.

"They reel'd, they set—'t was bliss the while—
Eye glanced to eye, and smile met smile!
They reeled, they set, to favourite air,
Of Miss M'Cleod or Calder Fair."

This roving life was shortly exchanged for a far less exciting one, that of a shepherd boy, who kept sheep upon the hills. The solitude nursed his poetical fancies. There is something of the soul of Burns in the poem which Mr. Story has framed out of the recollections of that mountain life. We extract it as a creditable specimen of his powers.

BEAUMONT SIDE.

"Sweet Beaumont side! The banks of Aire
Before that flash of memory fade—
And Lanton Hills are towering there,
With Newton's vale beneath them laid!"

There wave the very rock-sprung trees
My curious youth with wonder eyed;
And there the long broom scents the breeze—
The yellow broom of Beaumont Side!

On these hill tops, at break of day,
My feet have brushed the pearly dew,
And I have marked the dawn-star's ray
Lost in the orient's kindling blue;
Then turned to see each neighbouring height,
In morning's rosy splendours dyed,
While mists ascending, calm and white,
Disclosed the banks of Beaumont Side!

No passion then—and unpursued
The phantom hopes of love and fame;
My breast, with piety imbued,
Admitted—knew—no other flame.
Amid yon broom, my Bible dear,
And David's harp my joy and pride,
I felt as angels hovered near,
Was half in Heaven on Beaumont Side!

But shadows dim the sunniest hill,
And dark thoughts o'er my spirit sped;
For yonder lay the churchyard still,
With all its time-collected dead.
And O! to me it seemed so sad
For ages in the grave to 'bide,
No breeze to blow, no sun to glad!—
My tears fell fast on Beaumont Side.

"Why weep, fond boy?" a kind voice said,
'Tis but the shell that wastes in earth!—
I dashed away the tear just shed,
And knew me of immortal birth!
—I ask not glory's cup to drain,
I ask not wealth's unceasing tide;
O for the INNOCENCE again
My young heart knew on Beaumont Side!"

Our poet appears to have been a considerable reader; the works of Burns were especial favourites with him, and, like all young persons, he began by imitating his favourite, but with so little satisfaction, even to himself, that he destroyed his verses almost as soon as they were written.

At the age of seventeen, he says, he experienced a sudden expansion of his poetical powers, which he attributes to the influence of LOVE. But again he was unfortunate. Hear his own story of this affair.

"Margaret was the daughter of a gentleman's porter, a man respectable enough for his sphere; and who was intrusted with some power and some privileges, as overlooker, in his master's absence, of the estate, and occupier of the mansion and gardens. It was while she resided in that splendid villa that this vision of perfection burst upon my eye, and she was instantly invested with the attributes of a heroine of romance. I saw her daily walking in the woods—sitting in the arbour—or standing in the columned portico of the hall; and she seemed to me the fitting goddess of the beautiful locality. There was something of adoration in the feeling with which I regarded her; and that feeling lost none of its force by an introduction to her, which, long and feverishly desired, was at length effected.

"At the time, she must have been about twenty-five years of age, while I was at least eight years younger; but no stranger would have suspected her of being more than eighteen. Her slender but symmetrical figure—the airy lightness of her motions—the elastic step which scarcely produced an echo—all would have been referred to that buoyant age; while the girlish expression of sweetness on her small and regular features would have confirmed the idea. Well, my passion lost nothing of its romance by intercourse—if intercourse it could be called, where the talk was all on the side of the lady, and where my wooing was confined to rapturous expressions of assent to whatever she advanced. But in secret I was busily employed. The persons of my drama were, the lady of my heart, or rather of my imagination, her father, mother, sister, and your humble servant. Her father, the porter, I elevated to the peerage, exalting of course his wife and daughters to a participation of his rank; while I myself—though of rather dubious pretensions at first—was discovered, towards the end of the plot, to be the son and heir of some defunct nobleman, and declared worthy of possessing the Honourable Lady Margaret!

"I left the neighbourhood ere the first act was quite finished, the fragment of which she read and applauded; though little guessing, I believe, that she herself was at once the muse and the subject. The piece cost me nearly half a year's labour; and, when finished, I sent it to her, accompanied by a letter containing a full exposition of each character's original, and informing her, for the first time, of my devoted and undying attachment. Now all this was done in the simplicity of a heart, really overflowing with the affection which my representative in the play professed and exhibited. But alas! in a far different light did it appear to them whom it had been intended to gratify. It was regarded as a *satire* on the whole family! It must be confessed there were things in the piece but too favourable to an opinion of this kind. Independently of the rank, title, and fortune I had gratuitously conferred, I had represented her sister—who was a very homely girl—as a paragon of beauty, or inferior only to the heroine of the drama;

and in a quarrel with me, before my respectability was established, I had made *His Lordship* run for a sword with the intention of dispatching me; which was naturally construed into a personal reflection, as the house he occupied really contained many a sword and rusty rapier, which had belonged to its martial owners in former days. Thus, with the best intentions in the world, I was denounced as a satirist; and thus, with the most ardent ambition to appear amiable in her eyes, I lost for ever the esteem of my goddess!"

This disappointment did not appear to sink very deeply into our poet's heart, for we find him, a few months afterwards, desperately in love with one who bore the unromantic name of *Peggy*. He had just then become a village schoolmaster. This lass, he tells us, inspired a great deal of his published poetry; but what a butterfly he was! He asked Peggy to run away with him—when she refused, he fell in love with another.

"You must know that there are, or were, very few marriages celebrated in the church, where I was brought up. The peasantry have a *Gretna Green* in Coldstream or at Lamberton Toll Bar, to which they can repair in the night, get the noose tied, and return home before morning—avoiding, by this means, the publication of banns, the delay consequent thereon, and the obstruction which a considerate parent might find it right to interpose. There was something of romance in the custom, that made it a favourite with me. But my nymph would not go. '*Prudence* was her over-worldly eye;' and though I felt with Burns

"O wha can prudence think upon,
Wi' sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?"

I could not inspire her with the same sentiment, nor drive her from the excellent maxim, that 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.' She was willing to wait for better days; but by waiting she *lost her chance*; for I soon found another, her equal in beauty, and her superior in that self-devotedness which will risk all for the man of her heart."

This new love was *Jeanie*, the daughter of a peasant who lived on the banks of the Breamish. He gives an affecting narrative of her premature death. A little poem he composed on this occasion will be read with pleasure—

THOUGH WINTER'S CHILL BREEZES.

"Though winter's chill breezes have blighted each flower,
And nature is sad in the gloom of the hour,
The blithe smile of summer o'er mountain and plain,
To garden and grove will bring beauty again.
But the Rose that has fallen by Breamish's side,
In the glow of its tints and the height of its pride,
What dew shall refresh? what sunbeam restore?
'Tis vanished from earth, and shall grace it no more!"

The clouds that envelope the sun in mid course,
That sun yet will vanish, and shine in his force;
As dark on my soul are the sorrow-clouds met,
But the sun that should chase them, for ever hath set!
Farewell! I must mourn thee, a bright vision gone,
Of beauty that bloomed, and of virtue that shone;
For, though fair among angels, 'tis *thine* to adore,
'Tis *mine*—to behold and to clasp thee no more!"

But the rogue soon sought consolation, and found it among the living. There is much *naïveté* in these confessions:—

"After the death of Jeanie, my amours were still prosecuted among the cottages of the peasantry. For the purpose of extending the sphere of my acquaintance, and, as I then thought, of my pleasure, I attended every merry-making for ten miles round. As a dancer, I enjoyed considerable celebrity, being allowed to be second only to an active Irishman of the name of M'Craw, who, in consequence, often rivalled me in the affections of the girls; though it was generally admitted that I excelled him in the grace, if not in the nimbleness, of my movements. I never left one of these scenes without bearing away in triumph some one or other leading beauty of the place; and every achievement of this kind became the opening of a new course of adventure. The fair one thus obtained was to be revisited, and the night agreed upon betwixt us when the visit was to be made. In this way I had an appointment to fulfil for almost every night in the week.—You must not imagine that there was anything like libertinism in all this. I had never been more innocent than at that period, and the girls I visited were, without one exception *pure*. It was nothing but the effervescence of a youthful mind spending itself in frolics natural to it, and sanctioned also by custom, and confirmed by habit."

His mind now began to soar above ignorant dairymaids and pretty but coarse peasant girls. He sighed for loftier objects for his passion, and at length he found one. He says,

"I began, therefore, to wish for a lover who should have a touch of the sentimental, and be able

to talk with me about poets and poetry. My wish was, in some degree, gratified by the arrival at Roddam of a lovely girl from Shropshire—a lady's maid, named Anna. I see you smile at the idea of a lady's maid being considered as so very superior to a village girl; but you must recollect

"I was bred in a Cot;"

and besides, my new favourite was very superior to those of her class that I have since seen."

He endeavoured to convince this young lady that marriage was a mere ceremony, and its bonds degrading to those who lived as friendly as they did. But she was deaf to his arguments: they parted in anger, and shortly afterwards she also died.

At length he found a wife in one to whom he gives no other name than ELLEN. He introduces her with an apology for previous flirtations.

"I have now given you the history of my amours, and I leave you to draw your own inference from it. If you are ignorant of the manners and customs of the Northumbrian peasantry, you will fancy, from the detail, that I had much levity, if not licentiousness; whereas I am not aware that I had more than my neighbours of either. You will have remarked, too, that in every case I was really in love, or at least imagined that I was; and that consequently my amours might have been fewer, if I had been more fortunate. But, as you have seen, there was always something in each case, to prevent the consummation of my wishes.—I have now to introduce you to my last and truest love—to her who has long been the soother of my despondent moods, and the brightener of my happy ones!"

Mr. Story subjoins some literary anecdotes, a number of poems, and other miscellaneous matters, from which we snatch one passage—

"All the world knows the delightful Boz; but all the world does not know that Boz is married to the eldest daughter of George Hogarth, Esq., the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and the popular author of a 'History of Music.' To the latter gentleman I had the honour of an introduction in London, some years ago, when I met at his hospitable board Boz—who had not then achieved the fame that he has since done—his lady, and her sister, a beautiful and light-hearted girl. Mrs. Hogarth, by the way, is a daughter of the George Thompson, of Edinburgh, well known from his connexion with Burns; and I had the high treat of hearing her sing, in the true Scottish taste, many of the poet's best songs."

The other volume is a collection of the fugitive pieces of Mr. Story, which has reached a second edition. They consist for the most part of songs, in which a spirit of patriotism and loyalty breathes, and some of which have obtained considerable popularity in the columns of the daily newspapers, and have been received with the cordial cheers of party dinners. We cannot say that these compositions display any very remarkable genius, but they are slightly above the average of poems of their class, and, at the period of their publication, when party spirit ran high, and excited minds whose feelings they embodied, they must have been sufficiently attractive to account for the popularity which to us, who view them with the cold eye of a critic, appears to be somewhat strange, considering what a drug in the market is even the best poetry. The faults of our author are patent. He is often slovenly in the mechanism of his verse: he frequently substitutes sound for sense, and everywhere there is apparent a want of terseness of expression; he is tediously verbose. Such words as "beautify," "sighingly," are in bad taste, for they are not English. But we must in candour say, that these are not often met with. Some of the poems would not discredit the best English writers. Here is one that Moore might have boasted—

O! LOVE HAS A FAVOURITE SCENE.

"O! love has a favourite scene for roaming—
It is in the dell where a stream is foaming;
And love has an hour, of all the dearest—
It is when the star of the west is clearest;
It is when the moon on the wave is yellow;
It is when the wood's last song is mellow;
It is when the breeze, o'er the scene reposing,
Stirs not a flower as its leaves are closing;
And every green bough of the briar thou meetest,
Hath rose-buds and roses the softest and sweetest!

Come, love! 'tis the scene and the hour for roaming,
The dell is green, and the stream is foaming;
Not purer the light that the west is pouring;
Not purer the gold that the moon is showering;
Not purer the dew on the rose's blossom.
Than the love, my dear maid, that warms my bosom!
Yet morn will come, when the dew—ascending—
Will leave the dry flower on its stalk depending;
The star the blue west, and the moon the river
Will quit—but my heart shall be thine for ever!

We now bid adieu to Mr. Story, wishing him health and happiness to pursue his career, which, if he will make literature an amusement, and not the business of his life, can scarcely fail to be a prosperous one.

The Bride of Messina; a Tragedy, with Choruses.
By SCHILLER. Translated by A. LODGE,
Esq., M.A. London. Bohn.

THE world has already set upon this tragedy the stamp of fame: it has become the property of mankind. It is now beyond the jurisdiction of the critic.

But Mr. Lodge has asked our opinion of a translation of it, which he has recently submitted to those of his countrymen who are unable to enjoy the language of the original, and it is only as a translation that we review it.

We are grateful even for an inferior translation of a good book, for it is to some extent, at least, an addition to the store of thoughts that form the most valuable possession of a people, and so far we have to express our thanks to Mr. Lodge for enabling his fellow-countrymen to catch at least an echo of the strains of the poet of Germany. But if we be asked whether this translation be worthy of the original, if it be such as Schiller would have acknowledged to be a transcript, not so much of his words as of his meaning, we unhesitatingly reply that it is not.

Mr. Lodge remarks in his preface, that it was his aim to produce "not a close version of the author's language, but rather such a transcript of his thoughts, as might be animated by a portion of his spirit and wear a certain air of originality. Literal translations, when in metre, can afford no pleasure; they are scarcely read with patience, and, of all others, bear the least resemblance to the pattern." This is very true, and shews that Mr. Lodge proceeded to his task with a full knowledge of the difficulties he would encounter; but we are surprised that the same good sense that dictated this passage should not have shewn him, when he read the completed work, that the execution has fallen far short of the design, and that, though he well knew what ought to be done, he has failed to do it effectually.

Schiller is, indeed, a very difficult poet for a translator. His merits lie more in his thoughts than in his language; his ideas are so large, that his words often are inadequate to convey them, and the reader requires the active employment of his own mind in guessing at meanings, which are rather outlined dimly than embodied. Hence, a translator is often compelled to amplify into many words that which the poet had shadowed in one, and the consequence of this is a dilution of style that detracts seriously from the power of the original. We suspect that the ablest translator of Schiller would frequently find himself in this dilemma, and it was apparent even in the translations of his lyrics, which lately appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" from the pen of Sir E. L. Bulwer, and which, though by far the best that ever have been accomplished, were visibly labouring under the difficulty we have described. With less natural and acquired powers for the task, Mr. Lodge has translated *The Bride of Messina* respectably—but nothing more. In the absence of a better, it will convey to the English reader something like a knowledge of a very noble drama, but leaving the field open for competitors who have yet to achieve the task he has attempted—that of a real translation.

We extract a descriptive passage as a creditable specimen of the manner of the work. It is a dialogue between Don Cesar and Isabella, and tells its own story:—

"ISABELLA.

But thou—some royal maid,
Daughter of kings, has stirred thy soul to love;
So speak—her name—

"DON CESAR.

I have no art to veil
My thoughts with mystery's garb—my spirit free
And open as my brows; what thou wouldst know
My bosom ne'er has asked. What lights above
Heaven's flaming orb? Himself! on all the world
He shines, and with his beaming glory tells
From light he sprung:—in her pure eyes I gazed,
I looked into her heart of hearts; the brightness
Bespoke the pearl; but for her name, my mother,
I know it not!

"ISABELLA.

My son, explain thy words,
For, like some voice divine, the sudden charm
Has thrall'd thy soul: to deeds of rash emprise
Thy nature prompted, not to fantasies
Of boyish love. Say, what has sway'd thy choice?

"DON CESAR.

My choice! my mother! is it choice when man
Obeys the might of Destiny, that brings
The awful hour?—I sought no beauteous bride,
No fond delusion stirred my tranquil breast,
Still as the house of Death, for there unsought
I found the treasure of my soul. Thou know'st
That heedless ever of the giddy race,
I looked on beauty's charms with cold disdain,
Nor deemed of womankind there lived another
Like thee,—whom my idolatrous fancy deck'd
With heavenly graces:

'Twas the solemn rite
Of my dead father's obsequies; we stood
Amid the countless throng, with strange attire
Hid from each other's glance; for thus ordained
Thy thoughtful care, lest with outbursting rage,
E'en by the holy place unawed, our strife
Should mar the funeral pomp.

With sable gauze
The nave was all o'erhung, the altar round
Stood twenty giant Saints, uplifting each
A torch, and in the midst reposed on high
The coffin, with o'erspread pall, that shewed,
In white, Redemption's sign;—thereon were laid
The staff of sovereignty, the princely crown,
The golden spurs of knighthood, and the sword
With diamond-studded belt:—

And all was hushed
In silent prayer, when from the lofty choir,
Unseen the pealing organ spoke, and loud
From hundred voices burst the choral strain!
Then mid the tide of song, the coffin sank
With the descending floor beneath, for ever
Down to the world below:—but wide outspread
Above the yawning grave, the pall upheld
The gauds of earthly state, nor with the corse
To darkness fell; yet on the Seraph wings
Of Harmony, the enfranchised Spirit soared
To Heaven and Mercy's throne:

Thus to thy thought,
My mother, I have waked the scene anew,
And say, if aught of passion in my breast
Profaned the solemn hour; yet then the beams
Of mighty Love—so willed my guiding star—
First lit my soul; but how it chanced, myself
I ask in vain.

"ISABELLA.

I would hear all; so end

Thy tale.

"DON CESAR.

What brought her to my side, or whence
She came, I know not:—from her presence quick
Some secret all-pervading inward charm
Awoke; 'twas not the magic of a smile,
Nor playful Cupid in her cheeks, nor more,
The form of peerless grace;—'twas Beauty's soul,
The speaking virtue, modestly inborn,
That as with magic spells, impalpable
To sense, my being thrall'd. We breathed together
The air of Heaven—enough—no utterance asked
Of words, our spiritual converse—in my heart
Thou' strange, yet with familiar ties inwrought
She seemed, and instant spake the thought—'Tis she!
Or none that lives!

"DON MANUEL.

(Interposing with eagerness.)

That is the sacred fire
From heaven—the spark of love, that on the soul
Bursts like the lightning's flash, and mounts in flame,
When kindred bosoms meet! no choice remains.
Who shall resist? what mortal break the band
That Heaven has knit? My brother! in thy tale
My fortune shews—I praise thee: well thou lift'st
The veil that shadows yet my secret love.

"ISABELLA.

Thus Destiny has marked the wayward course
Of my two sons: the mighty torrent sweeps
Down from the precipice; with rage he wears
His proper bed, nor heeds the channel traced
By art and prudent care. So to the powers
That darkly sway the fortunes of our house
Trembling I yield. One pledge of hope remains;
Great as their birth—their noble souls."

Marguerite; a Tragedy. In 3 vols. By the Author
of "The Shepherd's Well." London, 1844.
Mitchell.

THERE is a dullness of mediocrity more intolerable than nonsense, just as insipidity is more tedious than vulgarity. A writer who cannot frame correct metre, or muster an idea, or express himself grammatically, at least amuses us by his grimaces and by the very awkwardness of his attempts. But heaven deliver us from the man who throws off with easy pen reams-full of smooth verses—true to measure, and framed of words that have no meaning, and fall on the ear without ever kindling an image in the mind. Such bores crowd the field of literature in every department, but more particularly in the drama. Strange to say, tragedy, which is perhaps the most difficult of all achievements, is precisely that to which the pretenders are the most numerous. Mountains of dramas, rejected by prudent managers of theatres, are sent forth from the press every year, only to be looked at, laughed at, and then to supply the trunk-maker.

Such a lack-a-daisical, prosy, idealless composition is this drama of *Marguerite*. The author has few glaring faults, we admit; but we cannot find a single excellence. There is not a spark of the divine spirit of poetry to be traced in any page. It

is but the most common-place prose *done* into lines of ten syllables, and which, but for the printer, no reader would ever suspect to have been designed for poetry. Vulgarly of language is a fault we must note.

"From prison among those *brutal beasts*, the Arabs," is not the speech of tragedy, and there are many such in these pages.

We are not informed if the publication of this drama be an appeal from the decision of some manager to the public. If it be, there can be no doubt that the judgment will be unanimously affirmed by all who may chance to light upon it.

PERIODICALS.

The Dublin University Magazine for December. Curry and Co., Dublin.

THE last number of this magazine has been forwarded for the inspection of THE CRITIC. It would be impossible to pass a fair judgment upon such a publication from a perusal of a single number; but it chances that the *Dublin* is an old acquaintance of the writer of this commentary, and, therefore, the following remarks are the result of experience.

The Dublin University Magazine is the Irish *Blackwood*, in manner and in spirit. In politics it is strictly Conservative; or, rather, speaking nationally, of a deep Orange hue. The present editor is Mr. Lever, better known as Harry Lorrequer. The contents are as various as those of its Edinburgh rival, and of a similar character, but having the merit of preferring national topics, such as biographies of famous Irishmen; tales illustrative of Irish character; and reviews of books relating to Ireland and her people. But to these are added articles on general subjects, supplied by some of the best living writers. Foremost among them are the contributions of the Editor. It is enough to say that "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" were first given to the world in the pages of this magazine to indicate its high place in periodical literature. From the same pen an amusing series of papers is now in progress, entitled "The Loiterings of Harry O'Leary." James is publishing in it a romance of strong interest, called, "Arrah Neil; or the Days of Old," the scene of which is laid in the civil wars. The *Dublin* excels in its translations from, and essays upon, foreign literature. Its poetry is above the average of magazine verses, and its political articles are spirited, and exhibit an intimate knowledge of the country and its people; but one-sided, of course, as all party compositions must be.

Altogether, the *Dublin* is a magazine which we can confidently recommend to our readers for their book clubs. It is superior to any English one, and second only to that best conducted of our periodicals—*Maga*, the Queen of the Monthlies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Correspondence between Burns and Clarinda, with a Memoir of Mrs. M'Lehose (Clarinda). Arranged and edited by her grandson, W. C. M'LEHOSE. 8vo. pp. 297. Edinburgh, 1843. William Tait.

WHATSOEVER serves to elucidate the personal history, or to convey impressions of the mental physiognomy of those who, by the brilliancy of their genius, or by other and less reverend peculiarities, have powerfully attracted the public eye, seldom fails to be welcomed with interest, or at least to command a proper share of attention, among readers at the present day. This volume, then, of correspondence between a poet of Nature's own mintage and a lady who, otherwise, might not have been heard of beyond her own private circle, will undoubtedly be extensively circulated; and the suffrages, we apprehend, of those who peruse it, could such be taken, would be pretty equally divided both as regards its merits and the propriety of its publication. For our own part, we avow a belief that it will add little to the fame of the one or the credit of the other. Both are now slumbering in the tomb; and, seeing that the memory of neither will benefit by the circulation of a correspondence the internal evidence of which clearly shews that it was neither intended nor fitted for the public scrutiny, better had it utterly perished, or have been consigned to decay in some secret repository of the lady's survivors.

The circumstance that originated these letters may be briefly narrated as follows. About the close of the year 1787, Burns, who had profitably spent several months in Edinburgh superintending the printing and publishing of his poems, just as he was about to quit that city, met Mrs. M'Lehose at the house of a mutual acquaintance. This lady was the wife of an attorney practising in Jamaica, from whom she had been separated some seven years, owing, it is alleged, to an unfounded jealousy of her, which had led him to the perpetration of repeated acts of harshness and even cruelty towards her. She is described as being remarkable for her personal beauty, young, "well-read, fond of poetry, romantic, and a bit of an enthusiast;" she had, moreover, a decided turn for wit. These, it will at once be seen, were qualities which perhaps no man was ever by constitution and temperament better fitted to relish than Burns. The lady had come prepared to be pleased, for in one of her letters she says, "Miss Nimmo can tell you how earnestly I had long pressed her to make us acquainted. I had a presentiment that we would derive pleasure from the society of each other,"—and so eventually it happened. The poet, whose susceptible soul could never withstand the assaults of beauty, appears to have been equally struck with her accomplishments and charms; and the result seems to have been the instant surrender to her of his heart. A *lucky* accident (for the correspondence's sake) prevented for some days their meeting, whereupon "a fast and furious" interchange of paper extravagances followed. On both sides it was a rash and thoughtless, as in the end it proved a fruitless affair. In the way of union they had nothing reasonable to hope for, as Mrs. M'Lehose was already a wife and mother; and Burns, though yet a bachelor, was bound by the most sacred of moral obligations to Jeanie Armour, whom he had seduced, and (proving indisputably the hollowiness and insincerity of the passionate appeals and assurances of heartfelt devotion to Clarinda which these pages contain), a few brief months later, to his eternal honour, he married. Into the question of criminality which, despite an unwillingness to entertain it, will occasionally obtrude itself on the readers of this correspondence, we avoid entering; nothing conclusive can ever be known on that head, it is therefore but fair that the parties implicated should have the benefit of the doubt. That indiscreet thoughts, and lurking passions, do not unfrequently peep out from these letters, is too palpable to be overlooked or denied. The following apology for Clarinda, from the pen of her grandson (though we do not everywhere assent to his conclusions) we transcribe with pleasure:

"When Mrs. M'Lehose sought for a friend who could love her with tenderness unmingled with selfishness, and found this friend in Sylvander, she underrated the influence of love and the power of the charmer. It is easy to resist the beginning of passion; easy to turn aside the stream when it is small; but difficult to direct or stem the current when the stream has become a torrent. Thus Clarinda became so rapidly and so strongly attached to Sylvander, that she herself trembled for the consequences. Pleased with the genius of this extraordinary man, who had 'her best wishes before they met,' she did not sufficiently estimate the danger of so tender an intercourse.

"But though there were many rocks on which their love was threatened with shipwreck, sometimes from the boldness of the pilot, sometimes from her own uncalculated alarm, it is apparent that what she required in such a friend (and her requirements who shall condemn?) was satisfactorily fulfilled. 'In you, and you alone, I have ever found my highest demands of kindness accomplished; nay, even my fondest wishes not gratified only, but anticipated.' That Mrs. M'Lehose was innocent of all criminal thoughts and intentions, it is believed that no candid mind can doubt, after reading the following series of letters. Her love was, indeed, a flame 'where innocence looked smiling on, and honour stood by, a sacred guard.' Yet it may be doubted whether any married woman should have permitted herself to continue in circumstances of such temptation; certain it is, that few women could have come out of such a trial unscathed. But she did come forth unblemished, and live to a good old age, respected and beloved by all who knew her. This could not have been the case if there had been any spot in her character for scandal to point the finger at. Her attachment she had early revealed to her clergyman, and even taken his advice about it. It was a subject of conversation with various friends, some of whom even 'trembled for her peace.' Such frankness bears the stamp of conscious innocence.

"It has been asserted, in the *Life of Burns* by

Allan Cunningham, that 'in general the raptures of Sylvander are artificial, and his sensibility assumed. He puts himself into strange postures and picturesque positions, and feels imaginary pains to correspond. He wounds himself, to show how readily the sores of love can be mended; and flogs his body like a devotee to obtain the compassion of his patron saint.' Similar views have been expressed by others; but surely they did not make allowances for a man of his ardent and enthusiastic nature. Besides, such opinions were formed upon a consideration of a portion only of his Letters, without any opportunity of perusing those of Clarinda. The tenor of the entire correspondence negatives such views, and shows that Sylvander took a decided interest in Clarinda from the first; that the feelings expressed by him were really felt, and not assumed: for no man can exhibit more earnestness and sincerity of purpose; and, indeed, he seems too soon to have hinted at hopes which were visionary. If Sylvander, at a later period, seriously entertained such hopes, it explains many of his strong expressions of attachment, otherwise bombastic. It must be admitted, that several of his letters contain passages offensive, from their boldness and presumption, which wounded the nice sensibility of Clarinda; but these were avowedly written after deep potations. His letters, in general, display his usual acute powers of observation, and are written in very various moods of mind.

"It will be observed that matters are discussed in the letters, both of Sylvander and Clarinda, and seem to have formed the subject of conversation at their interviews, which the refinement of more modern times does not allow to be introduced—hardly alluded to. But it would not be fair to judge the manners of the last century by the standard of the present. The French Revolution, and the stirring events which followed, broke up the old order of things. The greatly increased intercourse since the peace between Great Britain and the different nations of Europe, as well as between different sections of this country, together with the more general diffusion of literature and of a higher degree of cultivation, have had beneficial effects, quite incalculable, in eradicating the dissolute state of manners which prevailed during the last century, in removing local prejudices, and introducing increased refinement of taste, with more correct moral sentiments.

"The visionary hopes entertained by the poet were generally checked by Clarinda, with a happy mixture of dignity and mildness, bespeaking inward purity. 'Is it not too near an infringement of the sacred obligations of marriage, to bestow one's heart, wishes, and thoughts upon another? Something in my soul whispers that it approaches criminality. I obey the voice; let me cast every kind feeling into the allowed bond of friendship. If 'tis accompanied with a shadow of a softer feeling, it shall be poured into the bosom of a merciful God! If a confession of my warmest, tenderest friendship does not satisfy you, duty forbids Clarinda should do more.'

"Yet it is evident she would not have been much distressed at a circumstance which would have 'put it in the power of somebody (happy somebody) to divide her attention with all the delicacy and tenderness of an earthly attachment;' for she afterwards writes Sylvander,—"If I ever take a walk to the temple of H— [Hymen?] I'll disclose a cruel anguish of soul which I cannot tell you of; but you and I (were it even possible) would fall out by the way.' Yet, oddly enough, a little later she writes to him:—"If she dare dispose of it [her heart], last night can leave you at no loss to guess the man.' Indeed, the decease of a worthless husband in a West India climate, happen when it might, could not have been a matter of surprise, any more than of regret."

Somewhat less than four months after the commencement of the correspondence, Burns quitted Edinburgh for Nithsdale, where, it will be remembered, he commenced farming, and many of his most vigorous, inspired poems were composed. Upon thus starting seriously in life on his own account, he married Jean Armour, a proceeding which, there is clear evidence to shew, was highly resented by Clarinda, who, extravagant as it may appear, seems to have entertained a hope to have become Mrs. Burns herself. "Do you remember," inquires she, in one of her letters, "Do you remember that she whom you address is a married woman; or, Jacob-like, would you wait seven years, and even then, perhaps, be disappointed, as he was? No; I know you better: you have too much of that impetuosity which generally accompanies noble minds." This, however, is mere banter, and is intended (if it have a meaning at all) as anything but a dissuasive.

It was not until Burns's visit to Edinburgh in 1791 that the intimacy was renewed; but, as is natural to suppose, their correspondence thenceforward was of a widely different nature from what it had been previously to the rupture.

With regard to the *style* displayed in these let-

ters, little can be said for Burns, and not much in favour of Clarinda. The grace and ease of true epistolary composition, such as adorn in a striking degree the productions of Madame Sevigné and Horace Walpole, are here, for the most part, totally wanting. But, in fact, Burns never understood the art of prose composition. Though his wonderful poetry was distinguished by great freedom of thought, and by a looseness of style and diction frequently bordering upon carelessness, his other writings have always been stiff, laboured, and pedantic. There is present throughout them a constant straining after striking effect, and a turgidity that frequently amounts to bombast, which it is painful to behold. The correspondence here published has, indeed, less of these faults than any other of his prose writings we are acquainted with; probably, however, this arose more from an idea that its peculiar character would prevent its being ever published, than from any other cause. But, despite these drawbacks, there now and then bursts forth from him in these pages a flash of the true Promethean fire, which no obstructions can totally obscure or smother.

Clarinda's letters are sprightly and free, though not without traces of affectation. She appears to have had a cultivated mind; and some of her verses (which are published as an appendix to the present volume) betray a quick, lively fancy, and a very creditable taste.

We select the following letters from the sixty-nine which form the subject-matter of the present volume; they convey a fair notion of the remainder:—

December 21st.

I beg your pardon, my dear "Clarinda," for the fragment scrawl I sent you yesterday. I really don't know what I wrote. A gentleman for whose character, abilities, and critical knowledge, I have the highest veneration, called in just as I had begun the second sentence, and I would not make the porter wait. I read to my much-respected friends several of my own bagatelles, and, among others, your lines, which I had copied out. He began some criticisms on them, as on the other pieces, when I informed him they were the work of a young lady in this town; which, I assure you, made him stare. My learned friend seriously protested, that he did not believe any young woman in Edinburgh was capable of such lines: and, if you know any thing of Professor Gregory, you will neither doubt of his abilities nor his sincerity. I do love you, if possible, still better for having so fine a taste and turn for poetry. I have again gone wrong in my usual unguarded way; but you may erase the word, and put esteem, respect, or any other tame Dutch expression you please in its place. I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on correspondence with an amiable woman, much less a gloriously-amiable fine woman, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have, more than once, had the honour of being. But why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, but he must run his head against an intrigue? Take a little of the tender witchcraft of love, and add it to the generous, the honourable sentiments of manly friendship, and I know but one more delightful morsel, which few, few in any rank ever taste. Such a composition is like adding cream to strawberries: it not only gives the fruit a more elegant richness, but has a peculiar deliciousness of its own.

I enclose you a few lines I composed on a late melancholy occasion. I will not give above five or six copies of it at all; and I would be hurt if any friend should give any copies without my consent.

You cannot imagine, Clarinda, (I like the idea of Arcadian names in a commerce of this kind,) how much store I have set by the hopes of your future friendship. I don't know if you have a just idea of my character, but I wish you to see me as I am. I am, as most people of my trade are, a strange Will-o'-wisp being; the victim, too frequently, of much imprudence and many follies. My great constituent elements are pride and passion: the first I have endeavoured to humanize into integrity and honour; the last makes me a devotee, to the warmest degree of enthusiasm, in love, religion, or friendship: either of them, or altogether, as I happen to be inspired. 'Tis true I never saw you but once; but how much acquaintance did I form with you at that once? Do not think I flatter you, or have a design upon you, Clarinda: I have too much pride for the one, and too little cold contrivance for the other; but of all God's creatures I ever could approach in the beaten way of acquaintance, you struck me with the deepest, the strongest, the most permanent impression. I say the most permanent, because I know myself well, and how far I can promise either on my prepossessions or powers. Why are you unhappy?—and why are so many of our fellow-creatures, unworthy to belong to the same species with you, blest with all they can

wish? You have a hand all-benevolent to give,—why were you denied the pleasure? You have a heart formed, gloriously formed, for all the most refined luxuries of love,—why was that heart ever wrung? O Clarinda! shall we not meet in a state, some yet unknown state of being, where the lavish hand of Plenty shall minister to the highest wish of Benevolence, and where the chill north wind of Prudence shall never blow over the flowery fields of enjoyment? If we do not, man was made in vain! I deserved most of the unhappy hours that have lingered over my head; they were the wages of my labour. But what unprovoked demon, malignant as hell, stole upon the confidence of unmitigated, busy fate, and dashed your cup of life with undeserved sorrow?

Let me know how long your stay will be out of town: I shall count the hours till you inform me of your return. Cursed etiquette forbids your seeing me just now; and so soon as I can walk I must bid Edinburgh adieu. Lord, why was I born to see misery which I cannot relieve, and to meet with friends whom I can't enjoy! I look back with the pangs of unavailing avarice on my loss in not knowing you sooner. All last winter,—these three months past,—what luxury of intercourse have I not lost! Perhaps, though, 'twas better for my peace. You see I am either above, or incapable of dissimulation. I believe it is want of that particular genius. I despise design, because I want either coolness or wisdom to be capable of it. I am interrupted. Adieu, my dear Clarinda!

Friday Evening.

SYLVANDER.

Friday Evening, Dec. 21.

I go to the country early to-morrow morning, but will be home by Tuesday—sooner than I expected. I have not time to answer yours as it deserves; nor, had I the age of Methusalem, could I answer it in kind. I shall grow vain. Your praises were enough,—but those of a Dr. Gregory superadded! Take care: many a "glorious" woman has been undone by having her head turned. "Know you!" I know you far better than you do me. Like yourself, I am a bit of an enthusiast. In religion and friendship quite a bigot—perhaps I could be so in love too; but everything dear to me in heaven and earth forbids! This is my fixed principle; and the person who would dare to endeavour to remove it I would hold as my chief enemy. Like you, I am incapable of dissimulation; nor am I, as you suppose, unhappy. I have been unfortunate; but guilt alone could make me unhappy. Possessed of fine children,—competence,—fame,—friends, kind and attentive,—what a monster of ingratitude should I be in the eye of Heaven were I to style myself unhappy! True, I have met with scenes horrible to recollection—even at six years' distance; but adversity, my friend, is allowed to be the school of virtue. It oft confers that chastened softness which is unknown among the favourites of Fortune! Even a mind possessed of natural sensibility, without this, never feels that exquisite pleasure which nature has annexed to our sympathetic sorrows. Religion, the only refuge of the unfortunate, has been my balm in every woe. O! could I make her appear to you as she has done to me! Instead of ridiculing her tenets, you would fall down and worship her very semblance wherever you found it!

I will write you again at more leisure, and notice other parts of yours. I send you a simile upon a character I don't know if you are acquainted with. I am confounded at your admiring my lines. I shall begin to question your taste,—but Dr. G.! When I am low-spirited (which I am at times) I shall think of this as a restorative.

Now for the simile:—

The morning sun shines glorious and bright,
And fills the heart with wonder and delight!
He dazzles in meridian splendour seen,
Without a blackening cloud to intervene.
So, at a distance viewed, your genius bright,
Your wit, your flowing numbers give delight.
But ah! when error's dark'ning clouds arise,
When passion's thunder, folly's lightning flies,
More safe we gaze, but admiration dies,
And as the tempting brightness snares the moth,
Sure ruin marks too near approach to both.

Good night; for Clarinda's "heavenly eyes" need the earthly aid of sleep. Adieu.

CLARINDA.

P.S.—I entreat you not to mention our correspondence to one on earth. Though I've conscious innocence, my situation is a delicate one.

Here we close our notice of this book. It has at least the merit of being entertaining; though, as far as we can discover, it throws not a single new light upon the genius and character of the gifted being, the value of whose name alone has given to it existence. It remains to add, that the "Memoirs of Clarinda," and the "Introduction to the Correspondence," have been carefully and creditably written, and that Mr. Tait has brought out the work in his usual style of excellence—with all the accessories of superior paper and typography.

Punch's Pocket Book for 1844.

PUNCH has made himself the most famous personage of our time, and deservedly so. for his wit never degenerates into vulgarity, and in his gayest moods, when flinging about his fun with a prodigality unrivalled in the realms of Momus, he is never ill-tempered. He has wisely availed himself of his popularity to condense into a sort of useful annual some of his best sayings, and to ridicule folly and cant in their infinitude of forms under the convenient veil of an almanac. We extract a few tit bits as specimens of the abundant feast provided for the purchaser of Punch's Pocket Book.

Punch has directed some of his most telling hits against the law. There is much humour in these—and the best of it is, that there is much truth in them.

ACTS REGULATING QUARTER SESSIONS.

"The attempt to regulate quarter sessions by Acts of Parliament has proved futile, for the acts of the chairman are sure to do away with anything like regularity. The 1st of William IV. fixes the time for holding sessions of the peace, but much time is lost by the barristers not knowing when to hold their own peace at the sessions."

TERMS AND RETURNS.

"Law terms are, for the most part, unintelligible. As to law returns, we never heard of the law returning anything it has once set its clutch upon."

THE CIRCUITS.

"The judges settle the circuits amongst themselves; but whether it is by tossing up or drawing lots, is not known to the public in general. The barristers are not allowed to enter a town by a public conveyance; and in order to preserve the dignity of the bar, it is essential that they should come into an assize town with post-horses. It is usual, therefore, for eight or nine juniors to club together and hire a post-chaise for the last mile, after having come on the outside of a coach all the rest of the journey."

TENANCY.

"The books say that a yearly tenant should give half a year's notice when he means to leave, but this depends upon whether he means to pay his rent. If he does not, no notice will be requisite. A landlord can seize goods for rent in arrear—if the tenant is fool enough to let him get hold of them."

"A distress for rent should always be avoided; and if you can't get the rent, you had better, at all events, not distress yourself. A tenant who has no money should not annoy himself how he shall raise his rent. It would be better to try and persuade the landlord to lower it."

Domestic Economy, as taught in cookery-books, is happily ridiculed.

MARKETING TABLES.

"Shewing the amount of any number of pounds, yards, &c., at any price. For example:—You purchase 17½ pounds of syncratic literature, at 3½d. a pound. Look for column 3½, and then run your finger down it until you get in a line with 17½, which you will not be able to find. Then multiply 3½ farthings in your head by 17½ pounds, which add to the rest, and your ready reckoning will be perfect."

TROY WEIGHT.

"This is a very classical weight, as its name implies. The first known instance of Troy weight was when Æneas carried his father on his shoulders out of Troy. The ciphering books are very erroneous on the subject of Troy weight. They tell us that there are 24 carats in one pennyweight; but if any one tries to get 24 carrots at an expense no heavier than a penny, he will find the coin will not weigh against the carrots to the extent that the arithmeticians say it will."

LIQUID MEASURE.

"Here, again, we are compelled to animadvert on the errors of the ordinary books of arithmetic. It is said that two pints are necessary to make a quart; but this depends on circumstances; for it has been ascertained that one pint of milk from the cow will make more than a quart of milk for the customer."

DRY MEASURE.

"In dry measure it takes several quarts to make a strike; but in liquid measure, if two persons get quarrelling over a single pint, a strike will often be the consequence. The dry measure is the statute measure, for a parliamentary measure is acknowledged to be much drier than any other."

SQUARE, OR LAND MEASURE.

"Land measure varies materially, not according to the distance, but to the mode of travelling. A mile and a half on foot will be upwards of two miles if you take a cab and don't make a bargain before getting into it. One league is three miles; but there is a league, called the Anti-Corn-Law League, which goes such extraordinary lengths, that it is impossible to ascertain its limits."

RULES FOR MARKETING.

"The best period for going to market is, when you

have got some money; but if you have not any, then you must wait till you have.

"In choosing game to stock preserves, remember pheasants and foxes are known by their combs and brushes.

"You can do a green goose the easiest, although they may be somewhat downy at the time.

"Dripping is always to be procured on wet days. It is collected by careful housekeepers in umbrella-stands."

BANKERS AND PUBLIC FUNDS.

"The exertions of the bankers' clerks in London and Westminster are of such a paralysing nature, that if any one goes into a banking-house with a cheque, they generally appear to be in a state of mesmerism, and stand for a few minutes opposite the party presenting the cheque without taking the smallest notice of him. Occasionally they are enabled to walk to a desk and speak to a fellow-clerk, after which they so far recover themselves as to attend to their duties."

To obtain your dividends, says *Punch*,

"It is necessary to get into an omnibus for the Bank, taking with you in your pocket the amount for which you wish to operate. If you happen to sit next an active agent, he will very often effect the transfer before your arrival at the Bank; or if not, there are persons among the crowd who have always their hands in, and are ready to operate for the clearing."

We conclude with an admirable satire on Court gossip.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.

"George III. was always fond of apple dumplings, and Carbonel, his wine-merchant, knowing this, always took care, when he met his Majesty, to take his hat off; for Carbonel, being quite bald, his head looked a great deal like a dumpling. One day the King was hunting, and Lord Walsingham was in attendance, but Carbonel, who was sometimes admitted to the royal hunt, was not present. Nevertheless, the good-humoured monarch asked after him."

Memorial of the Royal Progress in Scotland. By Sir THOMAS DICK LAUDER, Bart. Edinburgh, 1843. A. & C. Black.

The progresses of Queen Elizabeth are curious as pictures of men and manners long since passed away, but as narratives they possess little interest. Programmes of processions, descriptions of decorations, formulæ of feasts, the same addresses answered by the same expressions; catalogues of cheers echoed by cheers, and invoices of triumphal arches, are dull and tedious enough when chronicled in the newspaper, at the moment of their occurrence, when the interest of the events is at the highest, and curiosity colours the picture; but they are intolerably tedious when congregated in one volume, and set forth with laborious particularity.

Imagine a penny-a-liner throwing his lucubrations into the shape of a book, and you will have a notion of this memorial of the Royal Progress in Scotland. But, in justice to the author, we must say that the fault is not so much in himself as in his subject. Our language is not fertile enough to enable him to vary the monotony of description compelled by identity of occurrences. But there are other faults which he might have shunned. If he could not avoid being tedious, he needed not to have been a parasite. The fawning adulation with which he seeks to pay court to royalty is not only contemptible, but unwise; for it must rather offend than please those to whom it is addressed; and certainly it is most discredit to the writer, who forgets that he is a man in the presence of those whom his slaving tongue would exalt above humanity. We beg to remind Sir T. D. Lauder that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert are but human beings like himself; more high-minded, perhaps, and nobler specimens of humanity than his publication proves him to be, but still a little lower than the angels—still mortal, with the weaknesses and faults, as well as the virtues, of mortality.

These errors excepted, the narrative is well written. Sir Thomas has a pleasant, gossiping way of telling his story, seizing on the striking incidents, and presenting them in their best aspect, and every now and then relieving the attention and giving an air of reality to his scenes by the introduction of minor incidents, affecting inferior personages, and often giving real importance to trivialities by minuteness of detail, where other chroniclers would not have deigned to look, or looking, would not have seen. His "History of the Floods in Morayshire" will not be forgotten by those who are acquainted with "Blackwood's Magazine," and the graphic power displayed in that singularly attractive work he exhibits in this one, devoted to a theme so

much grander in name, so much less interesting in reality.

Her Majesty's Scotch tour affords more scope for the chronicler than either of the other Royal Progresses by which her reign has been, and we hope will continue to be, distinguished; and Sir Thomas has made the best of his material, freely consulting the reporters of the press and his own memory. The event, however, is so very recent, that the public will be loath to re-enter upon themes that were expanded *usque ad nauseam* in the newspapers. We will, therefore, in mercy to our readers, be content with gathering a few passages narrating facts which we do not remember to have met with before. As for the book, we certainly should not be inclined to order it, mainly because we do not like the subject; but those who are fond of gossip will have in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Memorials, as pleasant a specimen of it as they will find again; and to such we can recommend it.

What nice tea-table talk is this, about

THE QUEEN AT TAYMOUTH.

"Her Majesty, availing herself of an improvement in the weather towards mid-day, set out to walk, accompanied by the Duchess of Norfolk, and attended by a single footman in the royal livery. Although Lord Breadalbane had thrown the grounds quite open to the public on the previous day, the strictest orders were now given to exclude every one, that the Queen might, if it so pleased her Majesty, enjoy them in perfect privacy. So literal were the Highland gate-keepers in giving obedience to this command, that even after they had seen some of the gentlemen who were living at the castle pass out, they could scarcely be brought to re-admit them, 'as they had orders to let no one in who had not a card of a particular kind,' and a near connection of Lord Breadalbane required to exert considerable authority, before he could induce a gatekeeper to admit one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and a lord of the bed-chamber. The Queen walked up the river's bank, until she came to the slopes of shaven turf, leading up to the dairy, which stands on the flattened summit of a very beautiful little hill, clothed with trees and shrubbery of the richest luxuriance of growth. It is a lovely spot, and the building is worthy of the scene in which it is placed. It bears some resemblance in plan to the dairy cottages of the Swiss chalets, and is built entirely of dazzling quartz rock. The western front commands one of the most beautiful views to be found anywhere in the grounds, and it is still more perfect when contemplated from the rustic balcony of the upper story of the building.

"The Queen walked in by the first opening that offered itself, which happened to be the kitchen door. The damsels of the dairy were astonished to see so fine a lady, though they could hardly have guessed that it was the fair Sovereign of these mighty kingdoms. They shewed her Majesty the rooms, however, which are paved with tessellated marbles, and of a delightfully cool temperature. The milk was all laid out in nice brown Rockingham ware, and some of it in clean wooden milk dishes, which are much preferred by the dairy-maid. Many of the vessels are of fine raised china. These were all placed on a shelf running round the apartment. Her Majesty examined every thing, and made many inquiries, and expressed great pleasure and gratification with all she saw. With her own hand, she also essayed the operation of making butter, by turning the wooden handle of a beautiful little china churn, worked by very nice wooden machinery. The Queen asked for some oaten cake, but the dairymaids had nothing of the sort. They, however, produced some cakes of a more delicate description, which had been sent up to them as a *bonne bouche* from the castle, and they filled a glass with new milk for her Majesty, of which she partook with great good humour and satisfaction. The Queen carried away with her the simple hearts of the two dairymaids, who afterwards declared that she was a 'humble a leddy as they had ever seen.'"

Of better stuff is this passage, relating to

GRACE DARLING.

"A rumour had arisen of the death of poor Grace Darling, the heroine of the Longstone Lighthouse, who so nobly aided her father in saving the people from the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, and Captain Bullock mentioned it to the Queen, which drew from her Majesty and the Prince strong expressions of regret. The report was premature, though she was then so hopelessly ill, that her death really did occur very soon afterwards at Bamborough. Notwithstanding the noble example of the active courage of a woman's heart, which Grace Darling shewed, there was a modesty, and a feminine delicacy, both of person and mind, about her, that were calculated very much to surprise any one who had the good fortune to see her. The writer of this visited her, in the month of June, last year, when living in that pillar of a lighthouse, which rises from amidst the wildest breakers of the rocky shoal. He found the little circular apartment where she nestled high up like

a seamew, furnished with the utmost good taste, and filled with elegantly bound books, handsomely framed prints, plants in pots, and bouquets in china jars,—whilst she herself was seated, like a lady of the olden time, in her bower, 'sewing her seam,' with a calm and contented expression of countenance. She received him and his small party with easy, unaffected manners. But alas! it was manifest that fell disease had already taken deep root in her constitution, and in a very few months she was laid in her peaceful grave in the simple village churchyard of Bamborough."

A scrap of antiquarian lore is worth preserving. It is a description, by an old chronicler, of the

ENTRY OF JAMES VI. INTO EDINBURGH.

"A Manuscript 'Historie and Life of King James the Sext,' gives this account of the reception:—'At the West Port of Edinburgh, he was ressavit be the magistrats of the toun, under a pompous payle of purple velvot. That port presentit unto him the wisdom of Solomon, as it is written in the third chapter of the first buk of the Kings: That is to say, King Solomon was representit with the twa women that contendit for the young chylde, and the servant that presentit the sword to the King, with the chylde; and as he maid forder progres in the toun in the streat that ascendis to the castell, thair is ane ancient port, at the whilk hang a curious globe, that opnit artificially as the King came by, wharin was a young boy that descendit craftilie, presenting the keyis of the toun to his Majestie, that war all maid of fine massie sylver, and thair war presentlie ressavit be ane of his honourable counsell. During this space, Dame Music and hir scollars exercisit hir art with great melodie. Then, in his disceance, as he came forment the hous of Justice, thair shew thaymselves unto him, four gallant verteous ladeys, to wit, Peace, Justice, Plentie, and Policie, and ayther of thayme had an oraison to his Majestie. Thareafter, as he came toward the chief collegial kirk, thare Dame Religion shew herself desyring his presence, whilk he then obeyit be entring the kirk, whare the chief preacher for that tyme maid a notable exhortation unto him, for the embracing of religion, and all her cardinal vertewis, and of all uther morall vertewis. Thareafter he came furth, and maid progres to the mercat croce, whare he beheld Bacchus with his magnifik liberalitie and plentie, distributing of his liquor to all passingers and beholders, in sic apperance as was pleasant to see. A littil beneth is a marcat place of salt; wharupon was erectit the genealogie of the Kings of Scotland, and a number of trumpets sounding melodiously, and crying with loud voyce, Wealfayre to the King. At the East Port was erectit the conjunction of the planets, as thay war in thair degreis and places, the tyme of His Majesteis happie nativite, and the same vivelle representit be assistance of King Ptolome. And, withall, the hail streits war spred with flowres, and the forehowsis of the streits, be the whilks the King passit, war all hung with magnifik tapestrie, and with payntit histories, and with the effeigis of noble men and women, and thus he past out of the toun of Edinburgh to his palice of Halyridhous.'"

But enough of this publication, which will be more interesting a century hence than it is now.

Flowers and Fruits, or Poetry, Philosophy, and Science. By JAMES ELMSLIE DUNCAN. London, 1843. Printed for the Author.

THUS stands the argument. Mr. Duncan desires to be a poet. Mr. Duncan mistakes desire for ability. Mr. Duncan strings together a multitude of verses on a variety of subjects. Mr. Duncan is loath that they should slumber in his desk. Mr. Duncan resolves to print. Mr. Duncan cannot afford to pay the printer of a volume, so Mr. Duncan culls fragments from his heap of compositions—a head here, a tail there, a scrap of rhyme, a few first chapters of his first novel, a joint of an essay, a bit of maxim, and so forth,—and fills with these a pamphlet of some eighty pages, hoping, Heaven help him! to persuade the world by this evidence of his capacities, that there is a village Milton existing, if they would but recognize him and lift him into the fame to which he aspires.

Seriously, having glanced over these pages, let us advise Mr. Duncan to abandon literature and return to his trade. He never can be a poet, and his prose will scarcely find admittance even in a magazine, which pays an author by the honour of publishing his writings. He will not believe us, we are aware, for he has just enough power of verse-weaving to flatter him with a notion that as he has got so far, he might climb a few steps higher. But he miscalculates. There is a genius visible in the faults of great men even more than in their excellences, and where its traces are seen, it may be known that perseverance and practice will remove the rubbish and detect the gem that lurks in it. But for

mediocrity there is no hope; if it can by patience improve in sound or shape, in substance it will ever continue to be commonplace. Mr. Duncan cannot, however, claim even such a neutral character as this. He has not yet learned the *mechanics* of his art. His metre is frequently imperfect; his rhymes are often incorrect; his grammar is not always of the best; his tautology offends. Nor is his prose much better. The opening words of the first chapters of his first novel, "Ah! things *was* very different when I was young," are not calculated to raise one's opinion of the writer. He advocates a purely vegetable diet in a subsequent essay—perhaps prudently, for, if he does not turn his thoughts to something more profitable than ever he will make by authorship, he will, we fear, soon be obliged to carry his precepts into practice.

MUSIC.

Summary.

THE musical event of the month is the production of a successful opera by an English composer. Balfe has, in the *Bohemian Girl*, added another leaf to his laurels; and in the present condition of British music, it is fairly a subject of congratulation that any thing from a British pen should have been accepted by the opera-going public. But our rejoicing must be limited to this. The new opera, though born on English soil, is not natural; the conception, the style, are essentially Italian; for aught that a listener could discover, it might have come from the land of the sunny south, so entirely in soul and sense has Balfe contrived to identify himself with the masters of Italy. This should not be. What we want in England is English music; English in spirit and manner,—music which all the world shall recognize as national. Balfe will never accomplish this, for he has been so entirely educated in the school of Italy, is so thoroughly denationalized, that he has no conception of music in any other shape. Besides, we suspect that he has little, if any, genius; he is more of an imitator than a creator; he is unquestionably a man of great talent, and can follow in the footsteps of other men; but he could never strike out a path for himself.

Nor, in truth, is their much encouragement for any man to make the attempt. Though the rage for music is extending, and the fashionable mania of the moment having taken this turn, every lip pretends a passion for music, even when the countenance betrays the weariness of its attention, which proves that, if heard, it is not felt; the taste of our countrymen, or rather, we should say, of our countrywomen, is as bad as it well can be. In vocal music, the flourish is preferred to the melody; in instrumental, difficulty drowns harmony. The Litz and Thalberg style has infected our drawing-rooms, and our misses seem to be totally unconscious that the crashes and confusion of sounds, which only the genius of these great masters could mould into music, are utterly impracticable in their feeble hands, and that, instead of grand and solemn harmonies, they produce only intolerable discords and a maze of confused noises, from which it is impossible to extract any thing in the likeness of a tune. It has given us much pleasure to note of late something like a turning of the tide; we imagine we have seen (for listen we cannot) less of this thump-and-flourish style, and we hail a dim revival of the old genuine music—the melodies of Haydn, the harmonies of Handel, the sweetness of Correlli, stealing at intervals upon the ears of the drowsy drawing-room, and wakening them to attention. Let it be the care of all who have any influence in moulding society to encourage this purer taste, and to bring back, if possible, English music to speak to English hearts more forcibly than can any alien strains.

In our last number, we announced the return of Horn amongst us, after too long an absence. He has produced a musical entertainment at the Princess's Theatre, which was

only partially successful, though it possessed more intrinsic merit than its reception would imply. He is preparing a work of a novel kind, but one which will afford a wide scope for his genius. It is a sort of oratorio, or Christmas-piece, in several parts, descriptive of Christmas, its religion, its charities, its domestic reunions and social pleasures. There is, at least, variety of topic, upon which the composer may expatiate. We hope, however, that Horn will not fall too much into the acting style, which is so great a favourite in America; and it is a tempting and dangerous one, for it offers facilities to a composer, which may lead him to lose sight of *tune* in aiming at *effect*. It is a style beneath Horn; he has capacities for a better. There is the same difference between the ability required for the noisy story-telling compositions to which we allude and a genuine song, as between a scene-painter and a Claude. Sir Henry Bishop has resigned his professor's chair at Edinburgh, we hope, to devote himself more entirely to his art. Why has he been silent so long? In the present dearth of genuine music, how valuable would be a work from his delightful pen.

The Sacred Harmonic Society has been resuming its meetings at Exeter Hall, and the advantages of continued practice are remarkably proved in the choruses, which are now almost perfect. Formerly, they produced a stunning noise, as if each was shouting at the top of his voice, to be heard above his neighbour; now, they have learned to subdue their voices, and blend them into one homogeneous mass of sound, not noisy, but a full rich note, such as nothing in the world could produce but the union of such a multitude of voices.

New Publications.

I've Flowers to sell. The Words by J. A. GOLDING, Esq.; the Music by W. CHALMERS MASTERS. London. Leader.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this composition, both in its words and music, to be considerably above the average of productions of its class, and therefore better worthy of the notice of those who are in search of "*something new*" than nine-tenths of that which they will be likely to find in a fashionable music-shop. The words shall speak for themselves:—

"I've flowers to sell, who'll buy, who'll buy?
My flowers will suit all degrees;
Come witty, come pretty, come all that are nigh,
And I will endeavour to please.
These laurels so green are the soldier's prize,
This stock for the stockbroker blows,
And here I have sage for the would-be wise,
For the bride I've a gay bridal rose.
I've balsam here, too, for the wounded heart;
For those that are thoughtless I've *thyme*;
And for those dear friends who are doom'd to part
Here's *forget-me-not* all in its prime.
I've bright tulips for sweet ladies fair;
I've *lavender*, too, for the beau;
And for the coy damsel that's blushing there
I have a *sweet-William*, I know.
They're all nearly gone, my trouble is o'er;
Kind friends I hope that I please:
I hold in my hand but one flower more—
And who will reject *heart's-ease*?"

The music is excellently adapted to this playful bit of poetry. It expressively marks the words upon which the emphasis would be laid by a reader; it is elegant, airy, and, archly sung, with appropriate glances of the eye, and with changes of manner from grave to gay, according to the topic, it cannot fail to please a company. It does not pretend to be more than a lively and pleasant change from loftier themes; but, as an agreeable addition to the portfolio, we confidently commend it to our lady readers.

Ellen, a Ballad: written and composed by M. J. REILLY. Duff and Hodgson.

A PRETTY trifle—just the sort of a song for a small voice to warble to a small circle, whom it would be likely to please, though certainly not to enrapture. There is nothing of novelty in the air, but it has no striking faults, and it is well adapted to the words. At every musical party one hears many worse songs; but, it must also be admitted, many better. It indicates more of taste than of genius in the composer.

A PRODIGY IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.—Communications from Naples are overflowing with accounts of the wonderful success of an *artiste*, who has lately made her appearance there under extraordinary circumstances of enthusiasm. She is said to be extremely beautiful; and it is reported that she possesses a voice one of the most extensive ever known, enabling her to sing the parts of the *contralto*, the *mezzo-soprano*, and *soprano* with equal ease. Her voice, which is not only powerful, but sweet, has been brought to perfection under the guidance of the great Lablache. It is said that nothing can exceed the excitement prevailing respecting her; she fills the theatre nightly with an overflowing audience, at raised prices, whilst all the other houses are deserted.

AN amateur of autographs has just purchased, for 1,000 fr., a sketch by David, bearing the name of Grétry, written by that pleasing composer himself. One day, during a sitting of the Institute, the great painter amused himself with sketching a young negro girl. "That drawing may one day become celebrated," remarked the composer. "Yes," replied David, "if you affix to it some idea relative to your art." Grétry took the sketch, and writing below "*A white is worth two blacks*," signed his name to it. This work of these two celebrated men is the one referred to.

ART.

Summary.

As usual at this season of the year, but little of interest in the shape of art has offered during the past month. The seventy-fifth anniversary from the foundation of the Royal Academy has been celebrated since our last, when the general routine of business was transacted. It is here worthy of remark, that in the class "*Historical Painting*" there was not a single candidate. Whether it be that the students,—seeing at length that this, the loftiest department of the Fine Arts, to the disgrace of those who ought to, and can support it, meets with but feeble encouragement,—have thought it most prudent to abandon it for those humbler walks where a competency may be earned, or that their time has been occupied in preparing subjects for the great,—and we will proudly add, the triumphant, national competition in June last, and the one now in perspective, we are unable to determine. A new and beautiful panorama, by Messrs. Burford and Selous, is now attracting attention; a notice of it will be found in an adjoining column.

Among the announcements of new works is one by the ETCHING CLUB, entitled "*Etch'd Thoughts*." It is to consist of sixty etchings, with illustrative letter-press; the latter being partly original, partly selected. Remembering the "*Deserted Village*" and the "*Shakespeare's Songs*,"—the two works brought out by the same body of artists,—we shall look forward with much interest to the publication in question.

THE NEW PANORAMA.

In our announcement, last month, that a Panorama of the meeting at Treport, between the Queen of Great Britain and the King of the French, was in an advanced state of preparation, relying on the picturesque character of the scenery, the gorgeous accessories which formed part of the showy pageant, and the acknowledged ability of those engaged in transferring the whole to canvas, we confidently anticipated a striking and an attractive picture. Nor have we been disappointed; for a more vivid, animating, and effective production, we have rarely, perhaps never, seen. At the *private view*, previous to public exhibition, on Saturday week, we heard but one opinion of it expressed—and that of unqualified commendation.

The landscape portion of it does honour to Mr. Burford, and would seem to shew that his pencil acquires increased power with each successive effort. The picturesque, antiquated town, overhung by towering cliffs, the calm blue sea, the harbour crowded with gay yachts, ships, and barges, the distant chateau and cathedral of Eu, with the other interesting objects on land and water which form part of the view, are admirably painted; the colouring is for the most part rich and transparent, and imparts interest to the least attractive portions of the landscape.

Mr. Selous, in his department, has been as usual eminently successful. In the hundreds of figures he has had to represent, near and at a distance, his fine drawing, bold colour, and masterly skill in grouping, are everywhere apparent. The portraits of the royal and other distinguished personages who formed the great centre of attraction on that day are excellent, and may be recognized at a glance. Taken unitedly, the picture conveys a startling impression of reality. The animation and bustle, the splendour and bravery of the scene, are conveyed with such spirit, as to wring from the coldest and most cautious spectator his applause. All is life, motion, enthusiasm. Even the sluggish water seems to sympathize in the universal rejoicing; for, while the cannons thunder, the bugles bray, and the loud acclamations of multitudes rend the air, it gently lifts its silver crest, and seems to laugh as it greets the light.

We forbear giving a full detail of the accessories which make up this charming picture, as we conclude that every reader of THE CRITIC within convenient distance of town, and indeed all persons who admire the arts, with such as feel an interest in events of so pleasing and rare a nature as that here represented, will not fail to pay an early visit to the charming and entertaining panorama of Treport.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the above society, which occurred last week, and was the first of the season, the attendance was numerous both of artists and amateurs. Many highly interesting volumes and portfolios of sketches lay upon the tables, but that which most attracted our attention, and indeed that of the visitors generally, was a collection of *daguerreotypic* transcripts of nature, on paper. These produced considerable speculation as to the means by which they could have been executed, but we were not enabled to discover the process. Every thing connected with this new method of obtaining representations of objects around us is wrapt in considerable interest, and to the artist such representations of light and shade are infinitely valuable as studies of the method by which nature herself produces the appearance of different distances, roundness of contour, massing of effects, &c. &c. The plan, therefore, by which such impressions are, through the agency of light, communicated to paper,—thus avoiding the unpleasant shine of the silvered plate in the *daguerreotypes*.—is one of much importance, and calculated to elicit unlooked-for results.—Among the visitors, we noticed Sir Robert Inglis; Roberts, R.A.; Uwins, R.A.; Thomas Hood, Esq., and many other gentlemen of distinction. Mr. Roberts' sketches were surrounded the whole evening with a host of admirers.

ROYAL IRISH ART UNION.

On Friday, the 17th ult., being the usual day of meeting, the Committee of this Society met in the Board Room, College-green; George Carr, Esq. in the chair.

The finished proof of the engraving by Sangster, of the Novitiate Mendicants, to copies of which the subscribers to the Royal Irish Art Union for the years 1840-41 are entitled, was laid on the table; it gave great satisfaction. As a work of art it is of far higher character than even the engraving of the "The Blind Girl at the Holy Well," the latter being partly mezzotint and partly line, the former a perfect line engraving finished in the very highest style of art, and ranking equal to the most celebrated efforts of the burin.

The accounts of the society being annually made-up to and balanced on the 20th of November in each year, it was resolved that the following members, or any three of them, be respectfully requested to inspect the same, and report thereon:—

The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, I. M. D'Olier, Esq., J. Barlow, Esq., Directors of the Bank of Ireland, Walter Sweetman, Esq., and T. M'Donnell, Esq.

LITHOGRAPHY AND OTHER PREMIUMS FOR 1844.

An interesting discussion then took place as to the remodelling the present system of premiums, with a view of rendering it more effective. It was finally arranged that the subject should be more fully taken into consideration on next Friday.

The meeting then adjourned.

The Marquis of Ormonde, President of the Society, did not arrive in time to take part in the meeting, but his lordship, with his brother, Lord James Butler, inspected the finished proof of the Young Mendicants' Novitiate, and expressed themselves highly satisfied with the brilliant and successful termination of this fine work.

New Publications.

A Series of Compositions from the Liturgy. By JOHN BELL, Sculptor. No. 2. Longman & Co.

In our last, we stated the design of this publication, and expressed admiration at the skill with which Mr. Bell had accomplished the first portion of his task, in his compositions from the Lord's Prayer.

The second number of the series is now before us, and is devoted to the Belief. The first design illustrates the passage, "*Born of the Virgin Mary.*" Two angelic figures are kneeling in worship of the infant seated on his mother's lap. The attitudes and features of the messengers from heaven express profound devotion; and in the female there is the repose, the quiet happiness, of a proud and fond mother. The second design relates to the words, "*was crucified.*" The dead Christ exhibits the anatomy of the frame in a very striking manner, and the drooping head has the calm of death shed over an aspect of divine benevolence. "*Dead and buried*" is the subject of the next design. The men who are laying the body in the tomb strike us as models of the human frame in effect, and the sorrowful figure of Joseph, looking down into the grave, groups admirably with the rest, and gives a finish to the design. "*The third day he rose again from the dead*" is very pleasing. There is wonderful lightness in the ascending figure: you feel that it is rising. Lastly, there is a group—a very fine composition—entitled, "*From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*" It is by far the most sculptural in the present number. Two angels, with trumpets, are conducting the Christ upon his mission. The figures of the former are singularly graceful, and that of the latter is dignified and solemn. We heartily congratulate Mr. Bell on these evidences of his genius, and we hope he will be commissioned to make them immortal in some of our sacred edifices.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley have been attracting crowded houses to this elegant theatre during the past month. Some pieces have been produced purposely for them, and have succeeded to the utmost anticipations of the very judicious manager. We understand that novelties are in preparation which will prefer claims upon public patronage greater than any which have been yet put forth by this theatre. We shall duly chronicle and comment upon them when they appear. A musical piece, by Horn, called *The Maid of Lucerne*, has been produced, with some success. We have not seen it, and therefore are not in a situation to pass an opinion upon it. We are told by judges that the music contains the usual talent of that delightful composer.

Since the above was written we have seen the Christmas entertainment, and there can be but one opinion as to its merits. *The Magic Mirror* is not a silly pantomime, but a very clever burlesque drama, abounding in wit, and not deficient in wisdom. The scene laid in China affords an opportunity, which has not been neglected, for splendour of dress and decoration, such as we have rarely beheld at the great theatres—never before at a minor one. The dialogues are rife with puns, hits at passing events, sharp satire, and telling points, which keep the audience continually in a titter. A spear-dance by Gilbert and Miss Ballin is novel and beautiful, and was enthusiastically applauded. We will not mar the pleasure of our readers by narrating the plot, but we recommend all of them, who enjoy the opportunity, to go without fail; there is every thing in it to please the eye, ear, and mind, and nothing to offend the most fastidious—not a single word or act of vulgarity or grossness is there from the beginning to the end. Though it may not make so many horse-laughes in the gallery as the tricks and slaps and coarsenesses of the genuine pantomime, all but the lowest of the community will heartily thank the manager of the Princess's Theatre for having substituted a rational entertainment for the ancient absurdities of the Christmas piece. We hope and believe that he has not miscalculated the taste of the public. His judgment has never failed him hitherto in any improvement he has adopted; for the credit of our country we trust it has not done so now. At least we tender to him the hearty

good wishes and congratulations of the intelligent and respectable classes.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

The peculiarity of this popular theatre is the singular judgment with which the management caters for the public taste. It is rarely indeed that any thing brought out upon these boards is otherwise than successful, and there is no lack of novelty to secure an influx of visitors. Hence, the benches are always crowded, the applause is always great, the actors are in high spirits, the audience in the happiest temper, and nobody departs unsatisfied. Circumstances have prevented our visiting this theatre during the past month, but we are assured by our friends that the pieces produced have been excellent, and as for the pantomime—*Harlequin Blue Beard*—it is full of fun and frolic, and will of course be visited by everybody.

THE DIORAMA.

As this delightful exhibition is about to close for a change of pictures, we recommend those of our readers who have not seen those now shewn—*The Basilica of St. Paul's* and the *Notre Dame at Paris*,—to pay them a visit at once. They will be highly delighted with both. In our last we gave a description of them, to which we refer those who may desire to know more of them before they move; but to all we repeat "Go at once, or you will regret your laziness."

GLEANINGS OF THE MONTH. ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE following little poem had its origin thus: At an old family mansion in the west of England, the editor of THE CRITIC was shewn by his friend the ancient hall in which, he said, the custom of burning the ashen fagot on Christmas Eve had been observed, without a single intermission, for more than two centuries. The conversation that ensued tempted the writer to embody in rhyme the thoughts it had suggested.

To readers in other parts of England it is, perhaps, necessary to state that there is in Somerset and Devon a custom, the origin of which is not distinctly ascertained, of burning, upon Christmas Eve, a fagot of green ash. The party circle round the hearth while it is being consumed, and enjoy a mess compounded of hot ale or cider, sweetened and spiced, in which a huge toast is sopped. Songs are sung, and Christmas games are played. One of the time-honoured amusements of the ceremony consists in a rule, that as each band that binds the fagot bursts (and there are always many), the gentlemen are privileged to salute the ladies of the party.

I love that custom, quaint and old,
Which smiles upon the coming cold,
And welcomes winter with a grin,
And laughs white-bearded Christmas in.
I love it for its song and glee,
Its dance, and shouts, and revelry;
For its light hearts and merry faces,
Its cheerful charms and natural graces.

I love it—for it brings again
Old times, old persons in its train;
I love it—for it sends me back,
In fancy, through the long, dim track
Of by-gone ages, and I view
The virtues that have vanished too.

A blessing on the ancient hall
That holds this mirthful festival;
Two centuries have pass'd away,
And each returning Christmas Day
Has welcomed been in that same spot
By that same blazing hearth—but not
By such a group as now around
The crackling ashen fagot found.
Faces as glad and eyes as bright,
Features as merry, hearts as light,
Gleamed, laughed, and felt the spirit's flow,
Even thus, two hundred years ago;
But they are gone, and other faces
Have, in their turns, usurped their places;
And other voices pledge the toast,
"Health and joy" to another host.
The lisping child, that scarcely ran
With tottering steps, had grown a man;
The man had grown a child again;
The aged slumbered from his pain;
And so they lived and so they died,
And each returning Christmas tide
Beheld some change through that old hall
In those who kept its festival.

'Tis sad to muse what death hath done
Since the first fagot was put on:
It is a melancholy thing
To think how short a time will bring
Another group, as glad and gay,
Of actors in that Christmas play.

How soon new hearts and cheeks will glow
In the bright flame that dances so.

I love it—for again I see
The scene of ancient revelry:
Two hundred years ago, and there
Reclining in his carved oak chair,
All stiff and stately sat the lord,
Bedecked with ruff, and chain, and sword,
Crouched at his feet the faithful hound,
Young men and maidens gathered round,
And rosy children mad with glee,
The merriest of the company.
The smiling dame presided o'er
The daintiest of her Christmas store;
The ample bowl of toast and ale,
Hot, spiced, as amber clear and pale.
The fagot comes—the young ones shout—
Fair cheeks are flushed—bright eyes laugh out;
Send round the toast—the green wood glows;
Watch well the bands—for see how flows
The hissing sap—and high and higher,
Leaps, darts, and gleams the crackling fire.
Now slowly waste the burning hands;
What screams of glee! what clapping hands!
And what a shout proclaims when first
One treacherous tie at length hath burst;
For then, O joy! Oh! bliss of blisses!
Each youth his favourite fair's lip kisses.
So song, and laugh, and dance, and glee
Make up that Christmas revelry.

Two centuries are gone, and still
The bowl of toast and ale they fill;
The ashen fagot yet is piled
On that old hearth, and bright and wild
As ever leaps about the flame;
The bands are burnt and burst the same,
As when that merry youthful rout
Gathered in glee that hearth about.
But dance, nor song, nor laugh, nor bliss,
Nor bright young eyes of bashful miss
Nor venturesome lover, bold to sip
The first soft bloom from beauty's lip—
These are all gone; the glad, the fair,
The strongest, liveliest, loveliest there,
All, all are dead!

And changed indeed
Are they whom Christmas sees succeed
To that old hearth and that old hall;
They seek, forsooth, still to recall
Those days of yore, those Christmas nights,
Their free, but innocent delights;
They burn the ashen fagot yet,
Nor toast and ale do they forget;
The song is sung, the laugh goes up,
They drain the huge and homely cup,
And half persuade themselves they see
A relic of old revelry.
But cold the laugh, and sad the song,
And tedious limp the hours along;
They dare not kiss, they do not dance,
Fashion at feeling looks askance;
The soul's warm flow of healthful glee
Is spurned as sheer vulgarity.
No heart meets heart, no hand clasps hand,
No foot skips lightly through the band
Of mirthful gazers—stately glide,
And distantly, in grave, prim pride,
The solemn Christmas party o'er
The spot where such bright crowds of yore
Shook with their bounding steps the floor.
In vain the hospitable host
His Christmas customs old may boast;
The lifeless form is seen alone—
The shape is there, the spirit gone.

We take the following powerful composition
from *Punch*, where we should little have expected to
find a production of this character. We have it
from good authority that it is the production of
THOMAS HOOD.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'
"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!
"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!
"O! Men, with Sisters dear!
O! Men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.
"But why do I talk of Death—
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own—
Because of the fasts I keep,
O, God, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work—work—work!

My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd
As well as the weary hand.

'Work—work—work!

In the dull December light,
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

'Oh! but to breathe the breath

Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

'Oh! but for one short hour!

A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt!'

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